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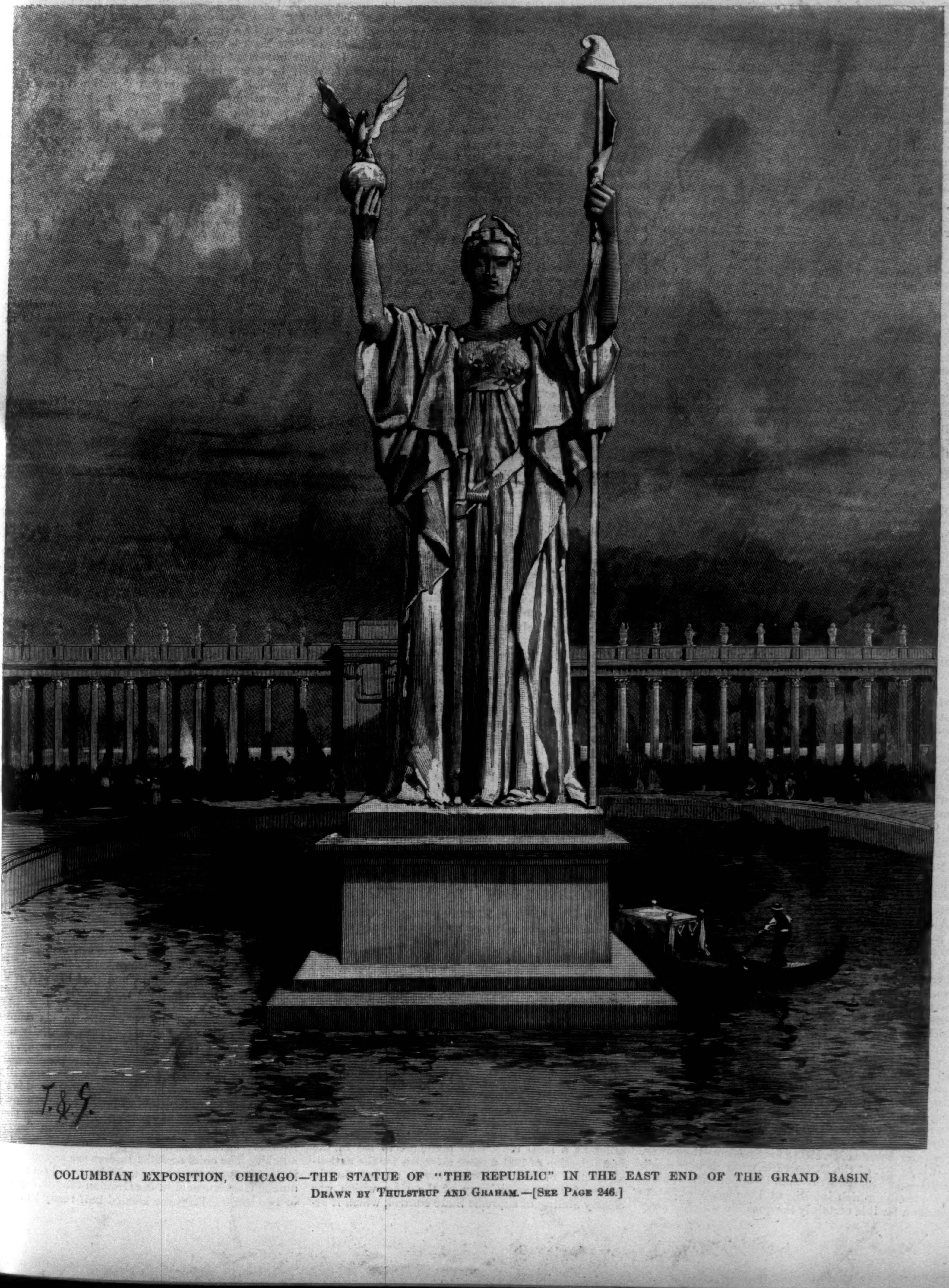

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—THE STATUE OF "THE REPUBLIC" IN THE EAST END OF THE GRAND BASIN.

DRAWN BY THULSTRUP AND GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 246.]

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PARTIES AND PERSONS.

THE government of this country is one of parties, not of Presidents. It is a truth of which we are constantly reminded by the cry, "Principles, not men," and it is one to be borne constantly in mind. There are, indeed, instances when the individual vote is properly decided by personal considerations. A citizen, whatever his party sympathies, ought to vote against any candidate, however regularly nominated by his party, whom he does not consider to be a fit person for the office. This, however, in the case of the greater offices, is an alternative which is not often presented. But as we may properly vote against a candidate who is personally objectionable, although the candidate of the party which for the time we prefer, so, with equal propriety, we may vote against a candidate who is personally unobjectionable when the general conduct of the party that nominates him excites distrust. A vote should be determined not alone by the candidate nor by the general professions of the party, but by the conviction that the chances of honest and wise government are fairer under that party ascendency than under that of the opposition. In 1864 the Democratic party declared for the Union, and nominated a Union General for the Presidency. But notwithstanding his personal character and the party professions, the country did not trust the party, and the nomination did not help it.

The same thing was true in 1868. The Democrats were beaten not because they professed hostility to the Union and the Constitution, but because of a profound distrust of the party, based upon observation of its general conduct, its spirit and tendency, and its identification with the wrong side of the questions of the time. This is a view which intelligent Democrats this year may wisely consider. The Democratic party is now engaged in a controversy, which has a very comical aspect, to decide where it stands, and what it stands for. And while the contest proceeds, the whole country sees that in the New York Legislature it stands apparently for unscrupulous legislation, and in Congress for dangerous tampering with the currency. Mr. CARLISLE, one of the wariest of Democratic leaders, says, pathetically, "If we can confine the approaching contest to those questions alone, the victory is already won." But what prevents such confinement? Nothing but the Democratic party. It does not know what it wants. Some of its leaders insist that it means tariff reform; others, free silver coinage. The "State Democracy" in New York declares that the regular party organization is fraudulent, and misrepresents the party; the regular organization sneers at the State Democracy as mugwumps. The Reform Club and the Manhattan Club in the city of New York hold that Democratic ascendency means tariff reform and pure administration; but it is a fact visible to everybody that in New York it means actually the autocracy of a ring as unprincipled as the TWEED ring, and in Washington a desperate struggle of honest Democrats to prevent the success of a similar ring.

All this belongs to a fair estimate of the meaning of party success. In the election of this year the two parties will be tried by their record. The simple fact that one party declares for protection, and the other for tariff reform, will not alone determine the vote. Great measures of policy can always wait. The tariff we have always with us. But the crucial question of the year will be, "Upon the whole, with which party are the better chances of good government?" Undoubtedly the tariff is a vast system of corruption. But what is free silver? Bosses QUAY and PLATT and DUDLEY are perhaps very wicked men. But what of HILL, CROKER, MURPHY, SHEEHAN, MCLAUGHLIN, GORMAN, and their brethren? There are three or four great questions—the tariff, the currency, civil service reform, and other political reforms. Is the power that stole the Senate in New York and defeated Mr. MILLS for Speaker—the power, that is to say, of the Democratic party as now manifested—more trustworthy than its opponent? This is the question which intelligent Democrats ought to consider, for it is certainly the question which a large body of independent voters is considering. It involves another question, whether, if intelligent Democrats—say the State Democracy—find that they are not the Democratic party, they will nevertheless hold that they are still Democrats, and fall into line.

THE TARIFF DEBATE.

THOSE who hold that the result of the Congressional elections of 1890 was really a demand for the repeal or modification of the MCKINLEY bill have been naturally very impatient of the long delay in reaching some legislative proposition. This has now been reached by the report on the wool schedule, which proposes removal of the duties on the raw material and a reduction of duty on the manufactured product. This is in pursuance of the principle that as the high duties on the product compensate the manufacturer for the tax on the raw material, the reduction of the compensation should accompany the removal of the tax. This would lower the price of woollen clothing to the consumer, and afford some of the relief which the election was held to demand. It is complained, however, that the sound principle of the modification of the wool schedule has not been observed in other changes proposed by the committee. In some of those changes the duties on the raw material are retained, while on the manufactured product they are abolished.

This at once discloses the difficulty of a tariff revision, which must also respect established industries and competitive wages. Free trade is a simple policy, but free trade is not proposed. Tariff reform contemplates raising the revenue by a tariff, but a tariff adjusted upon principles which will bring the duties into the Treasury, the aim being revenue and not protection. This general object is just, because it is based upon the general welfare, and not upon particular advantage. But exactly to calculate the operation of the tariff in any case so that invested interests shall not suffer nor wages decline, and burdens be equally distributed, is not an easy task. But the facts disclosed by the SPRINGER report show the necessity of undertaking the task by pointing out the peculiar injustice of the high protective scheme. The report presents a mass of details; but every tariff adjustment must be such, and whatever the adjustment may be, it must be only an alternative. Thus twenty-five years ago twenty-five per cent. was the protection asked by wool-manufacturers to secure successful competition with foreign rivals; but the demand has constantly risen; that is, as the infant industries become adult they require higher protection.

A curious illustration of the unequal operation and the complexity of the tariff is the statement of the report that owing to the high duties per pound and per square yard, added to the *ad valorem* rates, the duties are highest upon the cheaper grades of goods worn by the masses of the people, and lowest upon the high-priced goods worn by those in better circumstances. While it was claimed that the specific duties laid on woollen goods by the MCKINLEY bill were merely compensatory, careful scrutiny shows that in fact they are highly protective, and in many instances prohibitory. The debate, however, like the majority and minority reports, will dispute the facts themselves. The minority report says that wool-growers and wool-manufacturers unite in asking that the law may stand as it is, that constant tariff revision is fatal to business interests and industrial prosperity, and that the present tariff is vindicated by its general beneficent results. The true course for the man who cannot follow a tariff debate in all its intricacy of disputed detail is to trust to a few simple general principles. The opportunity of Christianization which slavery offered to benighted Africans, and the ignorant jollity of individual slaves, and the nursing of sick slaves by excellent mistresses, did not profoundly impress those who saw that slavery was a monstrous system of injustice.

A QUESTION OF RESPONSIBILITY.

IF the HILL-CROKER-MURPHY-SHEEHAN-MCLAUGHLIN-Tammany power is now supreme in the State; if the will of the people in the election of a Senate has been contemptuously thrust aside, and the chief agent and his chief lieutenant have been conspicuously honored; if the most monstrous and comprehensive jobs since those of the TWEED ring are swept through the Legislature practically without protest; if it is publicly alleged and believed that no important legislation is possible without toll paid to certain well-known bosses; if the public moral tone is lower than for many a year, and popular institutions and party methods in the State have become a contemptible farce—who is responsible?

Plainly those who brought this Tammany ring into power. Those who supported the party which is doing these things, who belittled Tammany and its allies as a local club, who preferred to see in the State election of 1891 a mere skirmish for the national election of 1892, and who gravely argued that in voting for the ascendency of the ring, which was clearly aiming at supreme State control, which it acquired and is now exercising, we were really voting for tariff reform and the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND, are undoubtedly responsible for the evident and logical consequences of their course. To say that such results could not be expected is to plead the baby act. Nothing else was to be expected. To vote for a Governor wholly ignorant of State affairs, who must of necessity be the agent of the power that nominated him, and that turned its opponents out of the party Convention—a power perfectly well known to be completely organized, unprincipled, unscrupulous, and mercenary, and necessarily and essentially hostile to Mr. CLEVELAND as a representative of the politics that it detested—and to promote the election of a Legislature which it would undoubtedly control, was to assume the responsibility for the utter political degradation in which the State of New York now lies.

The result of a course which was unquestionably sincere and well designed, although curiously mistaken, will be a very general conviction that the State of New York is quite large enough and of interests quite important enough to require that its elections shall be determined by other considerations than their possible influence on future national elections. If the gentlemen who, as the State Democracy, are now protesting against the regular party action of the power which they approved by their votes had voted to prevent its ascendency and its opportunity, they would have done only what Republicans did in Pennsylvania the year before without ceasing to be Republicans. A man may be a Democrat or a Republican for many reasons. But, because he calls himself by one or the other name, he ought not to follow anybody or any combination merely because for his or its purposes he or it gets control of the machine. That is the very time not to follow. When Tammany tipped reform Democrats out of the Convention, reform Democrats should have joined any effort to baffle Tammany, and if unsuccessful, have left a party which Tammany controlled. At present neither Republican nor Democratic success is desirable in itself, but only as it promises greater or less honesty in administration.

A FOOLISH EMPEROR.

THE speeches of the young Emperor of Germany are so extraordinary, they show such total ignorance of the time in which he lives, and are so wholly mediæval, that the sincerer they are held to be, the more threatening they are, and justly authorize the suspicion of mental derangement which is openly suggested. It is, indeed, very difficult for a royal personage accurately to comprehend the situation. He lives in an atmosphere of flattery and obsequious deference, and in Germany especially the government is, in large part, practically a military despotism, of which the Emperor is the head. The haughty insolence which his speeches betray is shared in his degree by every little officer of the army, and is occasionally chastised in a refreshing manner by the American traveller.

An American was recently in the dining-room of a hotel in Berlin, and observing that two young officers who entered after him were served before him, he expostulated with the waiter very sharply, and was interrupted by one of the officers as if the remarks were intended for him. "I have not addressed myself to you," said the American, in fluent German, "and I will thank you not to interfere." The young officer haughtily demanded an apology, and the American promptly knocked him down. There was instantly general confusion, and the host hurried into the room, begging the American to leave, on the plea that such an insult to an army officer would ruin his house. The American explained, and the host acknowledged the justice of the explanation, but still begged him to leave. "Certainly," said the American, "if you wish. But I give you fair notice that I shall publish a statement of the facts in every important newspaper in the United States, warning all Americans to avoid your house if they do not wish to be insulted." The host ruefully begged him then to remain, and wringing his hands, departed.

A sharp reminder to the Emperor that the German people are not slaves, and that the self-respect of every intelligent German is wounded by his foolish assertions that he is the state, and that his will is the law of Germany, would be very serviceable to him and to the peace of Germany and of Europe. His assertions that he is the only ruler in his empire, and that he will have no other, are essentially treasonable. There is a constitution in Germany, and a legislature of representatives of the people. The Emperor is not the ruler of Germany. His will is not law, and although his authority is great, it is not supreme. The sullen riots in Berlin which followed immediately his recent speech at Brandenburg show how deep and strong is the discontent in Prussia. Nowhere have socialistic doctrines obtained so firm a hold. The chief socialist leaders are Germans, and in this country the propaganda is carried on mainly among Germans and in the German tongue. A year or two ago the Emperor seemed half ready to frater-

nize with them. Whether it was a mere whim or an expression of derangement, or whether he really supposed that he could control and direct the movement in harmony with the existing order, is not apparent. But he speaks now in the absolute tone of the old tyrant the father of FREDERICK the Great. But he speaks in another Germany and another time, and his tone augurs ill for the welfare of the country and for the house of Brandenburg.

STRAWS.

THE March local elections in New York show great Republican gains, and in Senator HILL'S own city the candidate whom he especially favored was defeated by a union of Republicans and CLEVELAND Democrats. Elsewhere in the State there are similar results, so that the whole may be regarded as a decisive protest against the Democratic party. In local elections, indeed, there is always a great deal of independence, but that fact makes the result more significant. It is a verdict upon the drift of affairs, and this time it is a pretty plain verdict against it.

The Democratic schism, the proposed State Democratic Convention to contest the regular Democratic action, the course of events at Albany and Washington, all unquestionably affected the spring elections, and they all forecast great trouble for the Democratic party in New York in the great election of the year. Civil war is the most relentless of all wars. The Democratic feud in this State will not be pacified before November. Whether Mr. CLEVELAND or Mr. HILL or some other candidate be nominated, the party will not be united for him. It will not be forgotten by the Convention that in 1888, when there was no breach in the party, and when the Democrats as a party, together with a large body of independents, supported Mr. CLEVELAND, he did not carry the State. Can it be reasonably supposed that in the situation of to-day he is more likely to carry it?

Undoubtedly Mr. CLEVELAND was "sold out," and there was plenty of intrigue and corruption. But will there be any less this year? The spring local elections are but straws, but is the wind which they indicate likely to change before November? The Republican prospect is still further brightened by the decision of the Supreme Court affirming the constitutionality of the McKINLEY bill and of ex-Speaker REED'S rulings. The "straws" only confirm the truth of what we say elsewhere, that votes in this year's election, perhaps enough to decide it, will not be determined by any single consideration.

DR. PARKHURST'S GOOD SERVICE.

THE friends of Tammany exult greatly because one of the Rev. Dr. PARKHURST'S statements in regard to municipal administration was not correct. But while the Grand Jury and the Judge emphasize this fact, it is remarkable that there is no public question or doubt whatever of the general truthfulness of his arraignment of the character of the municipal government, while there is a general grateful acknowledgment among good citizens of the civic courage which he has illustrated in his plain and strong denunciation.

It is not the bold clergyman who in his pulpit points out the laxity of public administration who brings the city government into contempt, it is the political organization which absolutely controls it, and which one of the most upright of Democrats describes as a conspiracy for plunder. The story of Tammany is familiar, but its power is shown by the fact that despite that familiarity, many excellent citizens, in obedience to what they hold to be party fidelity, do not hesitate to support it. Such citizens do not doubt the substantial justice of Dr. PARKHURST'S appeal. They know, as he and all observing citizens know, that the better character, intelligence, and public spirit of the city are not represented in the Tammany city government.

Nor will they be represented until such citizens prefer the public welfare to party success and Tammany. It was formerly said, and with truth, that if popular government in a city necessarily ended in the dominance of a ring like that of TWEED, popular government in cities was a failure. The same thing is true now. Dr. PARKHURST holds up the mirror in which the general spirit and character of the city government are reflected. If it be an unavoidable situation, popular city government is a failure.

EXIT THE CZAR.

THE sagacious correspondent of the New York *Times* in Washington said on the day of the decision that there was no surprise that the Supreme Court upheld the action of Speaker REED in counting a quorum.

"There has not been a moment since the quorum question was submitted that the Democrats have not been prepared to admit that the court would decide as it has decided. Now that the Democrats are no longer under the domination of the man who made the counting of a silent quorum odious, they are not unwilling to admit the reasonableness of the principle that a man who is a member of the House ought to be available for the business purposes of the House if he is in sight. The irritation of the Democrats in the first session of the Fifty-first Congress was provoked rather by the bullying manner of the Speaker than by his reasoning, and now that the party is in the majority and may desire to get a quorum when it is present but not willing to vote, there is sometimes a Democrat who will admit that there was no special objection to the practice, but that it was so new a practice to this country that they wanted time to get used to it."

This is a complete disappearance of "Czar REED," and his *rentrée* as a wise and constitutional, if peremptory, presiding officer. The tyrant and autocrat recedes, and we have a very bland and beneficent, if somewhat energetic, gentleman in his place. A more refreshing stroke of humor in politics has not been recently known, and we can imagine the late Speaker, who is said to enjoy a joke, still smiling at this amusing *dénouement*. He and his party were to be made the victims of his own rulings; they were to stew in his juice. But upon reflection and a change of the majority, it appears, after all, that his principle was reasonable; a man who is a member of the House ought to be made available for business purposes; and, in fine, there is no special objection to the practice; it was only new.

It is related of Dr. CHANNING when as a little child he had heard the minister appealing to the congregation to save their souls from hell, that he was shocked to hear people talking about the weather and asking each other to dinner as they came out of church, and at length he asked his father whether some provision should not be made against going to hell before arranging for going to dinner. The sensitive child took the sermon seriously. There were good people who perhaps took the outcry against a "Czar" seriously. There is a great deal of earnestness in politics, as those who have memories forty years long are aware, but happily there is comedy as well as tragedy in the fascinating drama.

LOUNSBURY'S "CHAUCER."

IT is long since American scholarship has produced a work of so great and remarkable merit as LOUNSBURY'S *Chaucer*. Its only native peer as a work of sustained and exhaustive literary research is CHILDS'S *English and Scottish Ballads*, and both of them maintain a place for our scholarship which nothing else of the same scope has achieved. As the first of the great English poets, CHAUCER is memorable, but he is charming for his cheerful genius and for the subject of his great poem. Yet his life and personality are much less familiar than those of so companionable a poet should be. But in his three ample and handsome volumes Professor LOUNSBURY has comprehended the whole subject in all its aspects, and in a way which wins the interested reader from page to page.

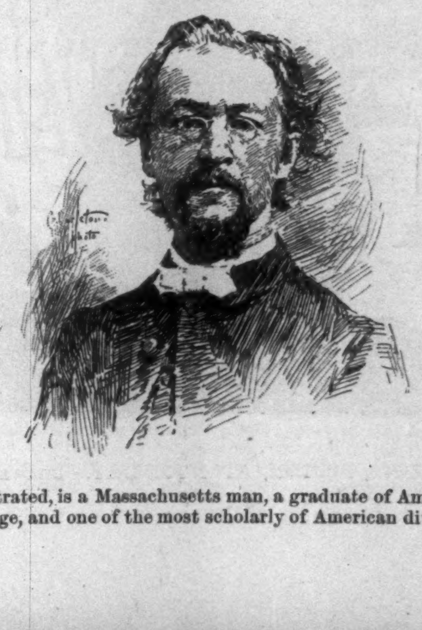
In England, where CHAUCER is more studied than here, the unsurpassed value of the work is willingly conceded. "It is not too much to say," says the *Saturday Review*, which is not prejudiced in favor of things American, "that nothing comparable to this study of CHAUCER in point of combined thoroughness and sense exists in English, or, so far as we know, in any other language.... Speaking as readers familiar with CHAUCER himself from our youth upwards, we know hardly any aspect of him which Mr. LOUNSBURY has not touched, hardly any important problem which he has not grappled with. And in doing this he has displayed almost throughout a feeling which is in remarkable contrast with the general temper of some of our own most learned Chaucerians."

The critic who, as such a Chaucerian, does not agree at every point with Mr. LOUNSBURY, says, however, "The important thing is that he has applied to the whole subject, and almost to its whole literature, the test of a criticism which is at once well-informed, intelligently conservative, and reasonably sceptical." He greatly enjoys Mr. LOUNSBURY'S dealings in detail with the swarm of verbal cavillers and critics, and his routing them in their assaults of rhyme tests, grammar tests, and dialect tests. He holds that Mr. LOUNSBURY shows, in treating CHAUCER, the sunny good sense which is so much the charm of his verse. Even a *Saturday Reviewer* is fascinated with the American book, and arrests himself in saying, "We have left ourselves no room to comment on many interesting features in a book which is, on the whole, one in which learning and good sense have kissed each other right lovingly and satisfactorily." It is pleasant to know that upon such a subject Mr. LOUNSBURY'S work leaves no opportunity or necessity for any other.

PERSONAL.

THE Columbia College University Lectures on "The Evidences of Christianity" will be delivered this year by the Right Rev. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, who will make six addresses on the subject of "Primary Convictions." The lectures will be delivered at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, and will begin on the evening of Sunday, March 13th, continuing on the evenings of March 17th, 20th, 24th, 27th, and 31st. The lectures will be open to the public, and no cards of admission will be required. Dr. ALEXANDER is regarded as one of the most eloquent of Church of England clergymen, and he has preached on especial occasions before the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. In addition to his lectures at Columbia College, he will make several addresses to the students of Harvard University.

—The Rev. Dr. CHARLES PARKHURST, whose vigorous crusade against municipal corruption in New York has made his name known in corners where his sermons had not

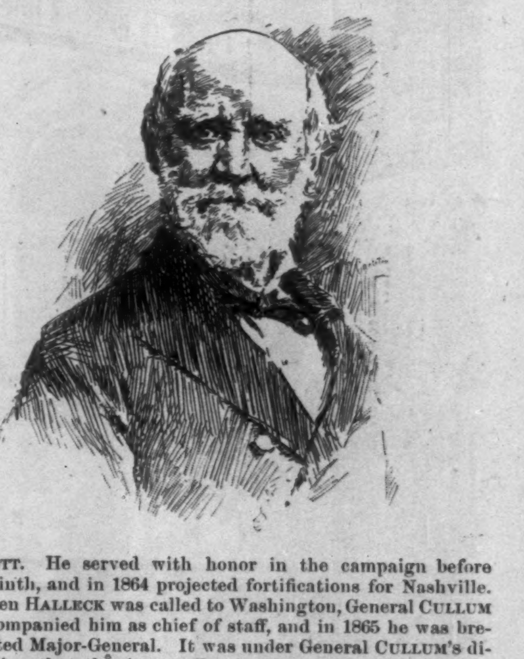


penetrated, is a Massachusetts man, a graduate of Amherst College, and one of the most scholarly of American divines. Previous to his preparation for the ministry, to which he devoted a long course of study in Germany, he was Professor of Greek in Williston Seminary. He is said also to be well versed in Sanscrit. During his charge of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church Dr. PARKHURST has gained great celebrity, not less for the eloquence of his sermons than for the spirit of liberal and progressive Christianity by which they are characterized. He is a man of strong convictions, which are strongly expressed, regardless of personal or general prejudice.

—The newly elected President of Dartmouth College, Professor WILLIAM J. TUCKER, of Andover, is in his fifty-third year. He was born in Griswold, Connecticut, and was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1861, and Andover Theological Seminary in 1868. In college his rank was of the highest, his literary style being especially good. He served a pastorate in Manchester, New Hampshire, and

one, from 1875 to 1880, in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York. In the latter year he accepted the chair of Homiletics at Andover. Dr. TUCKER was one of the founders, and has constantly been one of the working editors of the *Andover Review*. He received the degree of D.D. from Dartmouth in 1875, and was elected a trustee in 1878. He has been selected as orator before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa next June.

—General GEORGE W. CULLUM, who died in this city recently, at the age of eighty-three years, had been on the retired list since 1874, and had a very enviable army record, though it lacked the brilliance of achievement that makes the names of less successful soldiers better known to the present generation. His triumphs were in the less showy field of engineering. In 1848 he was appointed instructor in engineering at West Point, of which he was a graduate, and of which, from 1864 to 1866, he was superintendent. In 1861 he was appointed aide-de-camp to General WINFIELD



SCOTT. He served with honor in the campaign before Corinth, and in 1864 projected fortifications for Nashville. When HALLECK was called to Washington, General CULLUM accompanied him as chief of staff, and in 1865 he was brevetted Major-General. It was under General CULLUM'S direction that the Assay-office in New York city was constructed in 1853, and in the years between that date and the outbreak of the war he constructed fortifications at Charleston (South Carolina), Newport, New Bedford, and Fort Hamilton. In later life he published numerous works on military science, in which he was an authority.

—A correspondent writing from Boston says that one peculiarity in the library of Dr. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, the clergyman and author, is a series of market baskets filled with pamphlets, and suspended from the ceiling in such a way that they can be raised or lowered by means of a pulley and a clothes-line. Dr. HALE is now seventy, but he grows busier in literary productiveness every year, and in addition to what he writes he edits several journals and magazines, and preaches two sermons every week. He is a man of notable absence of mind, and is reputed to have left a prospective bride and groom waiting at the altar while he went on a fishing trip. Dr. HALE has been blessed in his children, who have all done well in the world, and some of whom have inherited their father's talent.

STATE AND WASHINGTON STREETS, BOSTON, AT NOON-DAY.—DRAWN BY E. H. GARRETT.—[SEE PAGE 246.]

ROPER'S THOUSAND.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

ROPER went along the street with the strangest feeling he had ever had in his life. He wondered if men with large sums of money in their pockets felt as he did.

A sharp electric light flashed upon a jeweller's display. With a sort of glow, Roper felt that he might go into that shop and buy any one of the glittering things he pleased. Then he laughed. Imagine missus with that diamond star on her calico breast! Yet it need not be a calico breast.

But no, he decided, missus would do without diamonds and a silk dress. For how could he tell her about the money? A hot feeling surged up into his face. But wasn't the money his?

He could reason as well as any walking delegate he had ever heard, and his reasoning told him the thousand dollars in his pocket belonged to him. Hadn't he worked faithfully for Boyd & Co. for twenty years? and hadn't old Boyd said ten years back that Roper should be remembered in his will to the tune of a thousand dollars? For why? Well, young Tom had come down to the wharf the day old Boyd said that and fallen overboard and sunk twice.

"A thousand to the man who saves him," cried old Boyd, like a ghost.

But Roper was already in the water, diving under a boat, and had the boy on terra firma in five minutes, miraculously escaping the craft that threatened to suck both of them under. Old Boyd laughed then, and said the ducking served Tom right, and would teach him to behave himself next time, and— Oh! eh?—the reward? Well, he would remember Roper to the amount in his will; and now everybody get to work.

Roper had always counted on the thousand dollars, and it made missus proud, and Melia and Mary Edith sort of heiresses. Old Boyd died a month ago, and missus and the girls and Mary Edith's baby went and looked at the funeral cortége quite as though they were relations, and Roper had got a decent suit of black from Isaac Blum, round the corner, and trembled every day when he went down to the warehouse.

Trembled for nothing; for when old Boyd's will was opened it was found that everything went to charity, even Tom being cut off with a few dollars.

It was hard on Roper, for Mother Jones, in the lower flat, had it on missus, and laughed on the stairs about people who expected money and did not get it.

Missus and Melia and Mary Edith were rather cool too; and missus told him in private how much in debt they were, and told it with a sort of satisfaction.

Roper could not forgive old Boyd. It was not that he wanted to be paid for saving the life of Tom—perish the thought! But the promise had been given, and he had be-[illegible] his old employer.

And worse had come; for only last week Badger, representing Co., had informed him that sixteen dollars a week for a porter was preposterous, and that hereafter it would be twelve, and there were many who would be glad of the place for ten.

Roper brooded over it; could not eat, could not sleep. And now here he had the thousand dollars in his pocket. Of course it was his; if old Boyd had made his will that day ten years ago there was not the shadow of a doubt but that a thousand dollars would have been bequeathed to the man who at the peril of his own life had saved that of Tom. That the will had not been made ten years ago was no fault of Roper's; it was old Boyd's fault. No; it was Tom's fault—Tom, the scapegrace, who had nearly ruined his father, and whose ill-doing had soured the old man against the world. But, any way you could fix it, it was no fault of Roper's. What was a public charity? Did he not need it as much as a church fund? A church fund! It would go toward building a magnificent temple into which the poor and lost would never dare to look, said Roper. Queer, that handsomely dressed rich people should go to a beautiful room once a week, and hear about lost sheep and that sort of thing, and feel good and safe! It was no charity to leave money for such things, and even the walking delegate couldn't have seen that quicker than he did. There was Tom Boyd cut off with a dollar or two. Where was the charity in that? Tom would go to the old boy faster than ever now, and all the time his father's money would go towards keeping up a handsome church. Tom had looked very rocky today when he came down to the wharf. Tom would only be clerk there till the end of the month, then he would go West, and Badger was glad to shake him. Tom had looked queer when he spoke to Roper this evening, and kept him till all the rest had gone, and commiserated him on having his wages cut down.

"And you weren't even remembered in the will," laughed Tom. "*I* was."

Roper broke from the young fellow at the door, and made for home. When he reached the corner, he pulled himself together; he had done something he had not done in many years—he had left the house to be locked up by some one else. Tom's stopping him and tantalizing him had rattled him. So he went back. Tom had not locked up, of course; the place was empty, the gas burning in the office. Roper went to turn it down to a star, as it was usually left, for the benefit of the watchman outside. His hand was on the key of the gas-fixture, when he noticed that the fire-proof was open. He did not know how to lock it; that was Tom's function. Dared he leave the place with that fire-proof open? No; he must stay here till the watchman came, at any rate, for there was money in the safe; there it lay—greenbacks—a little pile. How careless rich people were with money! There was a paper beside the notes. He stooped down; the paper said the money was the rent for some of old Boyd's property, and had come too late for the bank to receive it. So this also would go to the church fund.

Roper picked up the bundle. How strangely valuable these little bits of paper were! He turned over the notes, counting them. Why, there was just a thousand dollars here, the amount old Boyd had said he would leave him in his will. Was this a posthumous righting of a wrong? The cold sweat came out on his forehead, on the hairy backs of his hands. He looked round him. No, there was no one there. Tom had been the last one there—impecunious, intemperate Tom, the cut-off, angry son. He would swear Tom had said good-night to him on the step—and who had ever known Sandy Roper to lie? Melia was delicate, and had an unpaid doctor's bill; Mary Edith's husband did not get on well, a mere photographer's assistant, and the photographer's shop one of those on wheels; missus owed a good deal, and Blum wanted the money for that suit of black—and here his wages were cut down. His lips were pressed tightly together. He reached and turned down the gas, then quickly flared it up to full head, and left the counting-house. As he went out, he dislodged a newspaper on a chair, then reached down and placed it just as he thought it had been. Then he went into the street, leaving the door unlocked, as he had found it.

A new recklessness came to him; he felt like slapping some one on the back. He came to the jeweller's shop, and thought of diamonds and missus. He crossed the street, and plunged into a dark narrow way under the cloudy sky. His head was burning; it was almost as though he had been to one of the labor meetings and stood treat to a dozen men, who must stand treat in turn. He came to the tall house he called his home. There was Mother Jones in the hall with Bill.

"Bill," she said, "go get them onions. *We* ain't having money left to us. And hurry, for it's going to rain."

Roper laughed, and told her it was a large evening. He went up to the third floor. There was a buzz of voices there. Mary Edith must have come to spend the afternoon with her mother. There was also a good smell; missus always had something nice for supper when Mary Edith came. All at once he heard the coo of a baby. He stopped short; he seemed to have lived this moment before: he was coming home, missus was getting supper, and their first child was gurgling unintelligibilities in the cradle—little Buster. Then the foolishness of the thing struck him, and he threw open the door. There was missus at the fire; there was Mary Edith with her baby.

"Halloa, pop!" she said.

"That you, Mary Edith?" he said in return. "And, well, young un! Missus, you look warm."

"You'd be warm too," she retorted, "if your eyes were broiling out of your head."

She had turned her eyes upon him, and she looked as though she had been crying.

Mary Edith was dandling the baby. There was a sort of awkwardness in the room. Roper went and took the child.

"Look out for her back," cries Mary Edith; "it ain't strong."

"As if I never had a kid in my arms," laughed Roper, rather boisterously, throwing the child in the air.

"Don't, Roper," said his wife from the fire; "she ain't strong. She's handled like—" She did not finish the sentence, but turned to the frying-pan.

Mary Edith looked conscious. "What ailded little Buster, anyway, mother?" queried she, gently.

"Spinem meningitters," answered her mother. "He got it off of the paste on the bill-boards at the corner. He *would* play there."

Roper wondered why, in the name of Heaven, they had been talking about little Buster! "Where's Melia?" he asked, sharply. "Gallivantin' with Smith?"

"She ain't that kind," said her sister; "and she won't marry Smith till she can get some new clothes, she told me. She's upstairs with Mrs. Jordan. Jim's dead at last. It's a mercy, walking like that."

"Yes, he did go a little lame," assented Roper.

"It was locomoter taxes," volunteered Mary Edith, volubly. "It's a queer name for a disease. Say, mother, did he ever work in car shops?"

"Not as I ever heard tell of," answered missus, who, going over to the table, announced that supper was ready.

"Won't we wait for Melia?" asked Mary Edith.

"Melia's delicate," said her mother, "and pities them that has sickness; besides, Smith's sister's delicate. And she's more pityin' than ever to-day because you brought *that*. Oh, Roper," she burst out, "don't you know what day this is?"

Roper had the baby in his arms looking down into its little face. Did he know what day it was? It was the day when he had a thousand dollars in his pocket. Missus had a card in her hand. She came over to him. The card was a picture of their first-born, produced from an old daguerreotype by Mary Edith's husband.

"It's little Buster's birthday," said missus. "He'd of been twenty-eight to-day."

Roper looked at the tiny face glimpsing out from the card.

"I think of him over and over," missus was going on. "Sometimes when I'm busiest, I think of him; sometimes when I see children on the street, I think of him. How queer it is—he twenty-eight, and me still thinkin' of him as a baby! He was only three. Don't you remember, Roper, how he used to wait up for you? I'd learnt him his prayers, and he used to pray for us all, and the baby. You was the baby, Mary Edith. But most he prayed for his pop, he liked him so. 'He died in his pop's arms, a-lookin' up in his eyes. Don't you remember, Roper? We used to go to church awhile after that. We used to take you, Mary Edith, and go out to the cemetery Sundays; we put clam-shells all around the grave, and fish-geraniums at the head and foot. We've never been able to get a stone."

Roper, in a dazed way, thought now little Buster should have a tombstone.

"Wasn't it kind of Mary Edith, rememberin' it was his birthday?" asked missus.

"Oh, don't mention it!" said Mary Edith. "Dick took the photo. He said he'd never been able to do much for you and pop, and he was real glad. If he only had three hundred dollars, he could buy out the nicest little stand."

Roper thought, ah, Dick should have that stand, and Melia should get clothes and marry Smith.

"But, come, let's have supper," said missus. "Melia won't be long gone now. Poor child! she's not so well to-day. Smith's sister was sayin' maybe 'lectricity 'd help her. Smith's sister wished *she* could take it her own self."

Ah, thought Roper, Melia should have electricity; so should Smith's sister.

"I wish you lived nearer us, mother," said Mary Edith. "There's a daisy flat down there, only it's more rent."

Ah, thought Roper, they'd take the daisy flat. They were eating supper now, the baby swallowing its fists on the lounge. But Roper had not been able to say a word about the tombstone, the photographer's stand, the electric treatment, nor the flat—and in his pocket was the money that might do everything.

If his wife had only been in one of her tempers he might have—what might he have done? Could he tell her about the money? There was no fear in him, but a strange bewilderment, like nothing else he had ever experienced, and shining through it all were two small clear lights—little Buster's eyes as they had last looked into his. Why had missus reminded him of that? Why had Mary Edith remembered it was little Buster's birthday? Then the door opened, and pale Melia came in.

"Poor Mrs. Jordan!" she said. "She's sure Jim's in heaven. Everybody's sure their dead goes there. Well, Jim *did* drink, but he was kind. The last he spoke, he asked his mother if she wouldn't please excuse him if he'd ever been cross to her. And he was honest; wouldn't take a pin that didn't belong to him."

"Honest!" cried her mother. "Who ain't honest? I can say that much for you, Roper. I've been a little crisp with you lately, haven't I, old man? Sometimes I think things upsets me a-purpose. Don't think of it, Dan, I—" But she broke down again.

"Oh, Dan, it's little Buster. He— Maybe it's because it's his birthday and Mary Edith brought the picture; maybe it's because of poor Jim Jordan, but the little fellow seems so near to me to-day. I'm not cryin' because he's dead, Roper, don't think it. S'posen he'd lived. He'd be twenty-eight. Maybe he'd went wrong. I often think of him when I see a reelin' man in the street, and when a man's a thief, or the like. It 'd a broke my heart if little Buster 'd turned out that a-way. Don't think me a fool, Roper."

She had come round to him, and now positively kissed him. The daughters exchanged glances and smiled, and went to the baby.

"Dan," said his wife, "don't mind about that money you didn't get, don't mind about the lower wages. We'll pull through. Maybe we've been proud over gettin' the money. Let's be proud without it, for we can hold our heads high; we're honest, and nobody can say we ain't."

She left him and went to the girls.

Roper sat at the table. Honest! Buster knew if he was honest or not, Jim Jordan knew, old Boyd knew, all the dead knew. Only the living did not. Was little Buster shrinking from him? There was little Buster's picture. He remembered the time the daguerreotype, the original of that picture, had been taken. It was the Fourth of July, and he and missus and the baby had gone to see the parade.

Missus loved him, his girls loved him, nobody had much against him. But he was poor, he had not been treated right, and his children needed the assistance he would have been able to afford them had he been treated right. And yet—ah! those pure shining little lights still shining in his eyes, would they fade away, and never be found by him in the huge hereafter?

The women were murmuring over Mary Edith's sleeping child, talking about the hard times and the sorrow of being poor.

"Poor!" said Roper all at once. "Who's poor? Only the thief's poor, damn him!"

He glared at them, and missus had a sharp word ready for him, when she happened to remember the day.

"A thief!" he went on. "I am a thief!"

The women were pale.

"A thief!" he repeated. "Do you hear? A thief!"

His wife strode over to him and caught him by the arm. "You lie!" she sternly said. "You are the man I chose for a husband; you are the father of my children!"

"Let me go," he cried, "or it 'll be the worse for you. I must go down to the wharf, I tell you. I have something to do there. I—I didn't lock up, and the safe's open, and I saw a thousand dollars there."

Missus ran and got his hat. "Go!" she said, a strange look in her face. "Go! If need be, stay there all night and watch. Don't come home till that money's safe. Here! take little Buster's picture with you—take it, I say. Do you hear me? Take it!"

Did she suspect the truth? He would never know. If she guessed at it, she blamed herself and her old blame of him.

She hustled him out, stood at the head of the stairs till he had disappeared. He could hardly get his breath. He tore through the streets. He reached the wharf.

Yes, everything was as he had left it.

Not quite; in the office was a man.

Roper stopped abruptly, angered to the soul—rage for the possible thief there, rage as dire as man ever experienced. He peered through the glass partition letting upon the office, and fell back—the man was young Tom Boyd, his head down upon his desk there.

Drunk, thought Roper.

He went boldly in. Young Tom never moved. Roper uttered his name. Then the figure sprang up from the desk. He caught Roper by the throat, but his hand slid away, and he laughed hysterically.

"Sandy," he said, "I've had such a scare. The money! That's it in your hand! I see! You found the fire-proof open, and took the money with you for safe-keeping. I—" He burst into a torrent of grief. "Sandy, I'm a scoundrel. I left that money there for a blind. I meant to take it, and fasten the guilt on you. You once saved my life, add to the debt by forgiving a poor wretch who will try from this night out to be— Well, worth what you have twice done for him." He put out his hand, and caught Roper's. Buster's picture was in Roper's hand, and was clasped between the two palms.

"Put the money back into the safe," said young Tom.

Then the store was locked, and the two went outside. Young Tom lighted a cigar.

"Good-night," he said, quietly, and the two separated. But he called to Roper, and came back and shook him by the hand once more; then moved rapidly away.

Roper stood for a little while looking after him in the darkness. Father and son both to ill-treat him! He almost forgot what he had done.

Just then he glanced up to the sky. Two stars looked out from the clouds there. He thought of Buster's eyes, and the guilt that had assailed him. And Tom had said he would henceforth try to be worth what he had twice done for him. He!

"Lord, help us both," he said, brokenly, "young Tom and me!"

His rough hand tightly clasping the little picture, he stumbled on, anxious to get to missus and his girls.

Strong with the life
that in your powerful veins
Beats like a giant's,
young and free are you,
Dear City of the Lake! The brilliant blue
Of your bright waters, all your seas of grains,
Whose waves of plenty flood your circling plains,
And shimmer with the living gold that grew
For your enrichment in the sun and dew—
These are your splendid founts of splendid gains.
Your grace of youth your boldest hope endears
To staider minds. Your virile trumpet-call
Of summons to the nations thrills and cheers
With your own courage since your fiery fall;
Your heart is like an ardent lad's who fears
No chance of fate—who dares to dream of all!

A NORWEGIAN SKI.

The new Northwest is a land of long winters and intense cold. Fortunately for its people, however, the air is still and dry, and a temperature of twenty below zero not prohibitive of out-door labor and sports, as it certainly would be in more humid climates.

The long winter, which in some sections of the Union would be regarded as a great calamity, is justly held by the residents of the New Northwest to be the best season of the year. The lumbering industry, a very extensive and profitable one, is carried on principally in winter, and the list of winter sports is a long one. In addition to the coasting and skating that are indigenous to all Northern climates, the snow-shoe of the Indian, the toboggan of the Canadian, the curling of the Scot, and the skis of the Norwegian have been pressed into service to afford recreation in the long interval between November and May. The toboggan, the snow-shoe, and the curling rink are not unknown in the East, but the ski (pronounced *she*) is seen only in the Northwest and among the mountains of Norway. The snow-shoe, Norwegian, so called, used in the Rocky Mountain districts is very similar to the ski—a little longer, and half an inch wider.

The ski is a stick of well-seasoned hardwood, preferably ash, eight and a half feet in length, three and a half inches wide, with the forward end curved upward. A strap nailed on the sides at the centre allows the toe to pass under for a foothold. Under the foot it is an inch and a quarter thick, but the thickness decreases to half an inch at either end.

Armed with an eight-foot staff, one end shod with an iron spike, the ski-runner performs marvels in the way of shooting down hills that from the tops appear almost perpendicular, and skims along the level surfaces with a peculiar gliding thrust, totally unlike the motion of skating, yet at a rate that would puzzle an ordinary trotting horse to keep up with. The more expert users of the skis dispense with the staff, even in sliding down the sharpest hills and taking the longest leaps.

In every Norwegian settlement in the Northwest one or more pairs of skis will be found. Large clubs have been formed at Red Wing, Stillwater, and Minneapolis, Minnesota; Eau Claire and La Crosse, Wisconsin; and at Ishpeming in the upper peninsula of Michigan. For several winters past ski tournaments have been held in some of these towns, the latest, and a most successful one, being at Eau Claire, January 17th and 18th last.

In a ski contest a steep hill is selected, and not closer than 300 feet from the top of the slide a "jump" is built, which consists of logs and branches piled up and covered with a solid layer of snow. The aspirant for fame comes down the slide, body bent forward, feet parallel, every muscle rigid, and every sense alert. The "jump" is reached, and from a downward career he suddenly strikes a short level ending in a slight upward angle. He leaves the "jump" and shoots into space. Mikkel Hemmestoedt, champion of Norway by the King's decision, and of America by the unanimous votes of the judges at all contests in which he has taken part, has the distinction of having cleared 102 feet, the longest jump on record. Had he fallen on striking the slide again the leap would not have counted. The contestant must finish the course.

At Ishpeming the Norwegians allow Yankees to become members of the club. They contribute liberally to defray club expenses, they attend all the local contests and inter-State tournaments, but they do not enter for first prizes. When they slide, it is down a moderate-sized hill, and when they leap, the "jump" is not a high one, and there is plenty of good soft snow a few feet beyond it. To the inexperienced man the task of cleaving space for thirty or forty feet, with two long runners attached to his toes by leather straps, and of keeping both his head and his skis, is no easy one. The usual result is that skis and rider disappear temporarily in the snow.

While their fathers cannot master all the intricacies of the seductive but skittish ski, the younger generation takes to the ski as a duck to water. In recent juvenile contests the honors have been equally divided between boys of American, English, and Scandinavian parentage. The ski can be mastered by any one if the lessons are begun at ten years of age. The man who attempts to ride it for the first time will find the pastime exhilarating and fascinating, but decidedly dangerous.

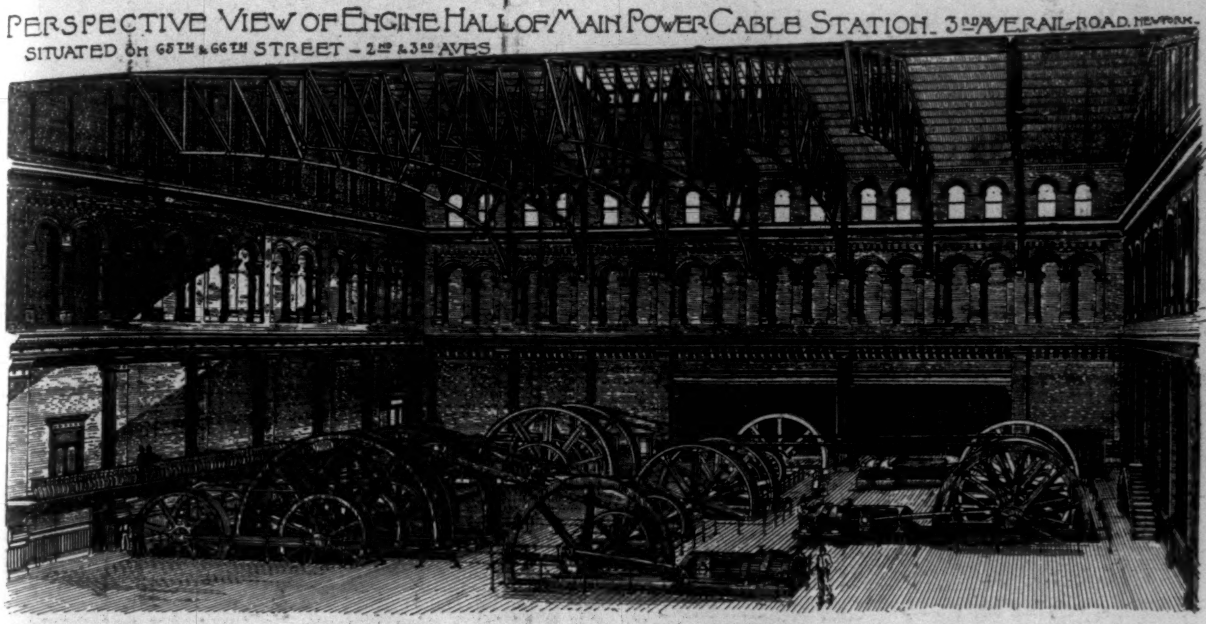
THE STATUE OF "THE REPUBLIC."

Isolated from its proper surroundings, as it appears in the picture, Mr. Daniel Chester French's noble statue "The Republic," designed for the World's Fair, has about it a certain rectangularity, an excess of symmetry, which is unpleasing to the eye, and has been the basis for unfavorable criticism. This effect, nevertheless, has been deliberately sought by the sculptor. The statue, which is to be of colossal size, will stand upon a towering pedestal in the centre of a lagoon, with straight banks flanked on either side by the rectilinear façades of the Manufactures and Agricultural buildings. In viewing it from the best point of observation, the visitor will look down a broad sheet of water with straight parallel sides, from which rise the many-columned walls of the two great buildings. Behind the statue stand the thirteen towering columns intended to typify the original States of the Union. Extending beyond the statue and its pedestal on either side, these lofty shafts still further accentuate the rigidity and perpendicularity of its surroundings. It was in order to maintain entire harmony with this exacting *entourage* that Mr. French vested his statue with that extreme symmetry which in the model seems like a defect. It is scarcely necessary to point out the many excellences of Mr. French's creation—the dignity of the pose, the firm poise of the head, the firm modelling of the drapery, adapting it so admirably for reproduction in colossal size, the pure brow, and the eyes seeming to gaze prophetically toward the sun dipping under the western edge of the Illinois prairie. The statue faces westward, turning its back upon Lake Michigan, the "front door of the fair," and the spot whence the most effective view of that broad expanse of picturesque roofs and impressive façades may be obtained. Judging "The Republic" as simply part of a gorgeous spectacle, it may be regretted that it was not so placed as to appear at its best, like the buildings and other decorations, when seen from the lake. To accomplish this, however, would have made it necessary for "The Republic" to be represented as looking eastward—a rank heresy, not supported by the poets, and wholly intolerable in Chicago and west thereof. Mr. French has indicated—not too boldly—the sentiment for which his statue stands by the eagle dominating the globe and the liberty cap upon the wand. Above the stately head, too, a halo of thirteen gleaming electric stars shines, reminding the patriot of the republic's small nucleus, and suggesting to the reflective philosopher that the World's Fair ought to put an end to the thirteen superstition, for the number is repeated time and again in constructive plan and decorative scheme, and fairly dominates the whole.

The completed statue will be sixty feet high, standing on a pedestal forty feet above the water of the lagoon. It will be built of "staff," the compound used so generally for facing all the fair buildings. The original model was made by Mr. French in his studio at Paris, and was not completed to his entire satisfaction when he was hurriedly summoned to Chicago under orders to use every possible effort so to expedite the work as to have the statue completed in ample season for the dedication of the buildings in November. The sculptor is now engaged upon the twelve-foot model from which the artisans will make the final copy. In the course of this work, he declares, some very slight changes will be made in the design which is illustrated.

A BOSTON CORNER.

Of the new and colossal structures that have been reared in the very financial centre of Boston within the past two years, the Ames Building, at the corner of Court and Washington streets, attracts by far the most attention. Standing as it does upon a slight eminence (while perhaps its actual height is no greater), it lifts its proud head far over the heads of its rivals—the new Exchange and the Fiske building on State Street, and hardly a stone's-throw away. The Ames Building, architecturally, is a beautiful structure. The style is Romanesque, and there is no other building in New England of similar proportions whose exterior is so elaborately carved and ornamented. For a building of its height, it covers a small area, and its sides rise perpendicularly from the street for fourteen stories, or a distance of 190 feet. A flag-pole of 85 feet has been firmly planted on the top, and on holidays the national flag waves and flaps in the wind 275 feet above the street. No buildings of un-



usual height are near to detract from its towering proportions, which cause the Bostonian to lift his eyes daily, as he rushes by the busy corner, with instinctive pride and satisfaction, and the stranger in town to gaze heavenward in wonder and admiration, and to silently contemplate its loftiness, solidity, and beauty.

The structure fronts on Court Street, but the Washington Street side is a duplicate of the front. The first three stories, which form the base of the superstructure, are of pink Milford granite, and above the first floor are three immense arches, forming the second or intermediate story. The next story comprises a row of eight smaller arches, and these in turn are surmounted by a cornice, which projects slightly, forming the top of the base.

The superstructure is of buff Ohio sandstone. As is true of the base of the building, there is no attempt at ornamentation for some distance up, and the first three stories of the superstructure are perfectly plain. Then there are three arches within the corners, and again does the carving and ornamentation become prominent. There, too, are beautiful mosaics of different-colored stones, and under the windows of the ninth and tenth stories are elaborately carved bands running across the building. The thirteenth story is between two rows of arches, the upper one immediately under the cornice. This is the crowning feature of the entire building, and projects an even seven feet over the sidewalk nearly two hundred feet below.

The entrance to the building, on Court Street, is under the central arch of the intermediate story, and is an imposing one. The doors are massive, mahogany bound with bronze, and with heavy brass hinges. The entrance hall is 20 feet wide and 22 feet high, and the ceiling is a semicircular vault, the surface of which is covered with a beautiful mosaic of different-colored marble. The walls of the hall below the vault are lined with white Italian marble, and the grand stairway from the street floor to the story above is of white marble throughout. The balustrade consists of panels pierced and carved in beautiful designs. Throughout the building the wainscoting in the halls is of white marble, and the floors are of marble mosaic. The building is fire-proof, the floors being laid on terra-cotta arches, supported by iron beams. It is lighted by electricity supplied from a plant in the basement, and the steam-heating apparatus, being automatic, is regulated by the temperature of the different rooms. Four elevators shoot upward and drop down continually throughout the day, and each is furnished, in addition to the latest safety appliances, with a duplicate of its machinery as an additional safeguard.

The building was erected and ready for occupancy in about twenty months, and cost between $600,000 and $700,000.

A GREAT CABLE PLANT.

The Third Avenue Cable-road Company is about to begin the construction of what will be the largest and most complete cable-power plant in the world. It will be put up on the ground-floor of the present car stables, on the block bounded by Third Avenue, Sixty-fifth Street, Second Avenue, and Sixty-sixth Street. Contracts have already been signed for the material and labor, and plans have been drawn by Mr. Albert Wagner, the architect, of this city.

The size of the machinery hall proper is 170 feet in length by 140 feet in width. There is a clear height of nearly 90 feet.

The architectural treatment is shown in the perspective drawing at the top of this page, which is reproduced from the plans. The portion of the walls up to the main crane girders is divided by projecting pilasters, and above that arranged in coupled arched arcade divisions. These divisions terminate with a projecting cornice, and are divided into panels up to the roof and gable wall lines. The entire space is spanned by seven roof trusses. The roof is arranged with a large skylight in the centre of the ridge. The treatment of the surface of walls will be in light-colored buff brick, trimmed with terra-cotta bases, capitals, friezes, cornices, and arch mouldings. A gallery is provided along the westerly wall on the entrance-floor level for the convenience of the public in inspecting the cable plant.

The principal driving machinery embraces four engines of 1500 horse-power each, from whose shaft cotton ropes transmit the power on to the main rope-drums, which are 25 feet in diameter. The ropes pass from this to nine-feet-in-diameter rope-drums, and from these, running to a shaft 20 inches in diameter, are twenty-two 2¼-inch cotton ropes, these ropes continuing on to the large "drivers," or cable-driving shafts, which are 32 feet in diameter. The power is then transmitted to the 15-feet cable-drums, from whence the cables pass on to the four tension-run carriages and appliances, then into the vaults and conduits, and so into the street for the operation of the four 1½-inch-diameter cables.

There will be in all eight cable-driving drums, each of 15 feet in diameter, and four large driver-rope drums of 32 feet diameter, each of these weighing 75 tons. The fly-wheels of the main engines are 25 feet in diameter. There are four small rope-drums to transmit the power from the main shaft to the large cable-drums, and four rope-drums, each 22 feet in diameter, connect the engine-shaft drums with the main 20-inch shaft.

There are situated on the easterly side of the hall 32 massive boilers, which supply the steam for the cable-driving engines. A travelling girder crane of 30 tons capacity will be provided to run throughout the length and breadth of the hall, for the purpose of conveying machinery from one place to another.

The cable company has decided to construct all the necessary buildings for the setting up of the machinery plant, the tension runs, the boilers, and the cold-storage houses without delay. After the plant is in full running order, the company will put up a new depot building about it.

James Clarence Hyde.

HORTICULTURAL HALL.

BY M. A. LANE.

Written words can in no way add to or embellish the presentation of the status of the Horticultural Building at the World's Fair made in the pretty picture drawn by Mr. Graham. You are looking at the building from the best vantage, and that is from the little island in the big lagoon. This island has already begun to show the work of the gardener, and there are trees on it. Standing a little way from the eminent feature of the structure in front, the long ends of the hall are cut off, and you have in your eye a splendid side view of the entrance, one of the subordinate domes boldly drawn out, and a trifling suggestion of the other further down. Here are the timbers crossing and presenting a great show of huge lattice, there are finished portions on which the staff is seen, and yonder are the slabs and curved planes waiting to be hoisted into position.

The building radiates from the grand dome, which seems to be quite lofty and airy when gauged by this section only, but which is considerably reduced when the remaining sections are thrown in. It is really difficult to grasp the entire building from the island; impossible, one might say, for the head must be turned to take it in. But the dome is grandest from this view, and so is the main arch of entrance.

Apart from the dome, which is always the central feature in all buildings that have a dome, the main entrance is the chief work of the architect in this Horticultural Hall. The entrance is through a grand arch, and this arch, with its vestibule, is regarded as the principal decoration of the composition. It makes its way straight through to the central space beneath the dome itself, which, of course, is the crowning and characteristic portion of the work. The constructionists have practically finished the great top, and it is now ready for the glass-workers. The ribs are of iron, and between the ribs will be made fast great curved sheets of crumpled glass. The qualities of the latter material will be hardness, thickness, and translucence. It would never do to make the dome transparent, for that would involve the necessity of curtaining it with silk, and the objections to that process are several.

In order to obtain the requisite height for the giant palms, tree-ferns, and tropical foliage that will be placed under the great arched roof, a grotto is made in the centre. The top and the sides of this grotto will be concealed in moss and vines, and in it will be planted trees covered by as fair and extensive a hot-house as ever trees had. The grotto is made an interesting feature of the display in that it is decorated with stalactites, cooled and brightened with little cascades that plash in unexpected places, and rendered natural with picturesque rock effects.

The porch forming the entrance externally is made after the fashion of a triumphal arch. It is given in the Ionic type and made florid; decorated with bass-reliefs and various sculpture suggested by the use to which the building will be devoted. On the left of it will be a group in sculpture. This group will typify Spring, and its companion on the left is to be interpreted as Autumn. These sculps have already been modelled by Mr. Larado Taft, of Chicago, and are quite clever. He has finished the sketches in plaster, and they are to be made in the heroic size when submitted to the moulders of the staff. The reliefs of the frieze are simple, showing little boys in festal attitude holding up festoons of flowers. There is nothing mythological in the sculpture at all. It is, all of it, poetic merely.

Over the portal is a tympanum or semicircle, which is in colored glass covered with open-work, and some floral decoration that is in harmony with the sculpture. The word "Horticulture" is incut in the frieze. This part of the work is now done, and all that remains to give it the finished, perfect appearance it will have when the fair opens is the erection of the sculpture groups at either side. The construction in this work is most simple. First the frames are put up and bound together. Then the slabs and sculptured pieces of staff are laid on and the color applied. Staff has three qualities that make it invaluable in this connection—it is cheap, it is susceptible of the highest decorative effects, and it renders the wood perfectly fire-proof.

Next comes the vestibule. It is under the triumphal arch. The ceiling is prettily panelled; the frieze represents boys playing with festoons of flowers; and the sculptures of the walls are figures of Flora and nymphs in heroic size. The endeavor in the treatment of the Horticultural Hall has been to make it as suggestive as possible of the uses of the structure—to do this in a measure as large as architecture will permit. To that end the effects are lively, pleasant, even florid, in dancing colors, but yet in good taste.

The main arch or entrance measures straight across in width, 45 feet 6 inches, and it is 54 feet in height. The height of the dome is 148 feet from the ground; the length of the entire building is 1000 feet; its width, 250 feet, and the greatest diameter of the dome, 90 feet. To the right and the left are subordinate domes forming the ceilings of the central pavilions of the arch. At either end of the building rises a high, square, flat-roofed pavilion, and the second floors of these will be specially adapted to café purposes, for from this portion of the site the best land view of the exposition may be obtained. The Horticultural Hall is the focus of the fair, and not the Administration Building—that is to say, in a picturesque sense. It occupies the most advantageous site of all its companion structures. It faces directly east, and rises from the west bank of the lagoon.

THE BAFFLED PESSIMIST.

I sat me down to write a rhyme of gloom.
All was in tune for it; my temples throbbed,
In semi-darkness was my cheerless room,
And through the trees the sad breeze soughed and sobbed.
My heart was burning with a fancied woe;
Digestion waited not on appetite.
My spirits came in dull and sluggish flow;
Naught was there in the world that pleased my sight.

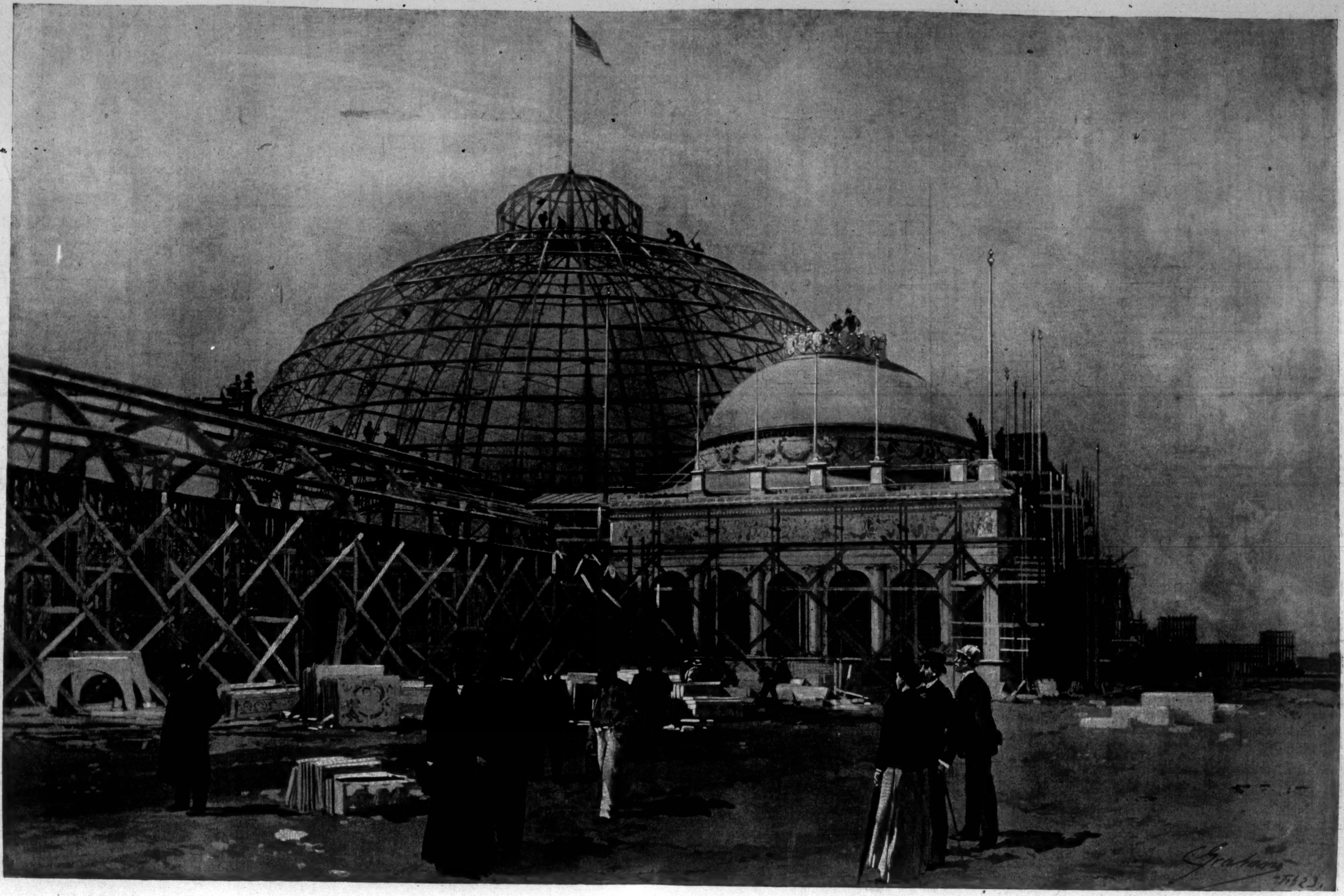
My pen itself would not put down the thought—
The pessimistic thought—that held my mind.
Try as I would the fancy flew uncaught,
Uncatchable as any truant wind.
Yet wrote I on, and when the rhyme complete
Stared boldly at me from the saffron page,
I found myself a victim to defeat—
I'd written this a truly happy age!

I'd said that in this life were more of good
Than wicked things; despite the heavy mist
Of present trial, those who understood
Life as it really is could not resist
The true conclusion, tried and guaranteed,
That we have many blessings; and no grief,
However much because of it the heart may bleed,
Has ever been without some sweet relief.

Alas! that I, disciple true of gloom,
Philosopher of woe, should e'er confess
That joy upon this earth hath any room,
That mortals find here aught of happiness!
And yet, though I seem faithless to my creed
In writing then that optimistic song,
I am not so. It proves its truth, indeed,
When even I, its follower, go wrong.

John Kendrick Bangs.

The Wiser One. "Better take my advice, my boy: That's an awfully dangerous thing to fool with."



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—PLACING EXTERIOR DECORATIONS ON THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 247.]

NEW GATEWAYS TO THE METROPOLIS.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

ABOUT the first thing that strikes an observant visitor to New York is that the town is very difficult of access, and this is the case no matter from what direction the stranger may come. It is true that one great railway line, the New York Central, has a passenger station in the heart of the city, but it is also true that the approaches to this station are so inadequate that he is a fortunate traveller who passes through that smoke-infested tunnel leading from the Forty-second Street Station without being "stuck" in it for a greater or less space of time. But by far the greater proportion of the visitors to New York come across one or the other of the rivers by ferry-boat. In 1891 by statistics, partly approximated, the various ferry lines crossing the East River carried 92,000,000 passengers, and those plying over the North River carried 88,000,000, or a total of 180,000,000. The Brooklyn Bridge also had during that year more than 41,000,000 passengers. When the Brooklyn Bridge was finished, many conservative owners of shares in the companies operating the ferry lines sold out, because it seemed impossible that the ferry-boats could any longer make money. In a very short time, however, the bridge had reached, during the busy hours of the day, its full capacity, and the ferry-boats were as busy as ever. At this time both bridge and ferries to Long Island are very much overcrowded in the morning and the afternoon when travel is heaviest. These circumstances have encouraged long-sighted and adventuresome persons to plan various schemes by which the two rivers flowing around Manhattan Island should be either bridged or tunnelled. At this time there are more such schemes in prospect than will probably be carried out in half of a century, and some of them will probably be abandoned before a great while has passed away. In this article, so as to illustrate the amount of active work now being done towards the solution of the problem of making the metropolis more easily accessible, only those projects will be mentioned which are in themselves feasible, and whose promoters are of such high character that any enterprise furthered by them is worthy of serious consideration. Not all even of these can be begun in the near future. The success of one in securing what capital is needed will mean the failure of one or more others, for the sums required are so great that it seems inconceivable that the money to carry them all through can be had within the next ten years or so. And then each enterprise has the legislative and aldermanic freebooters to reckon with, and those which contemplate bridging the North River to New Jersey have another law-making power in Washington to consider. Some of the enterprises to be spoken of in this article have recently shown great virility, and given evidence that they were going to be immediately undertaken. Each time that such evidence was shown, one or another of the statesmen at Albany has introduced a bill granting a charter for a similar bridge or tunnel. The motive of such proposed legislation is obvious. The secretary of one of the companies calmly confesses in his report to the stockholders that it has been necessary for himself and the president, with the aid of special counsel versed in legislative methods, to be on watch both in Washington and Albany, to prevent the passage of bills adverse to the interests of the company.

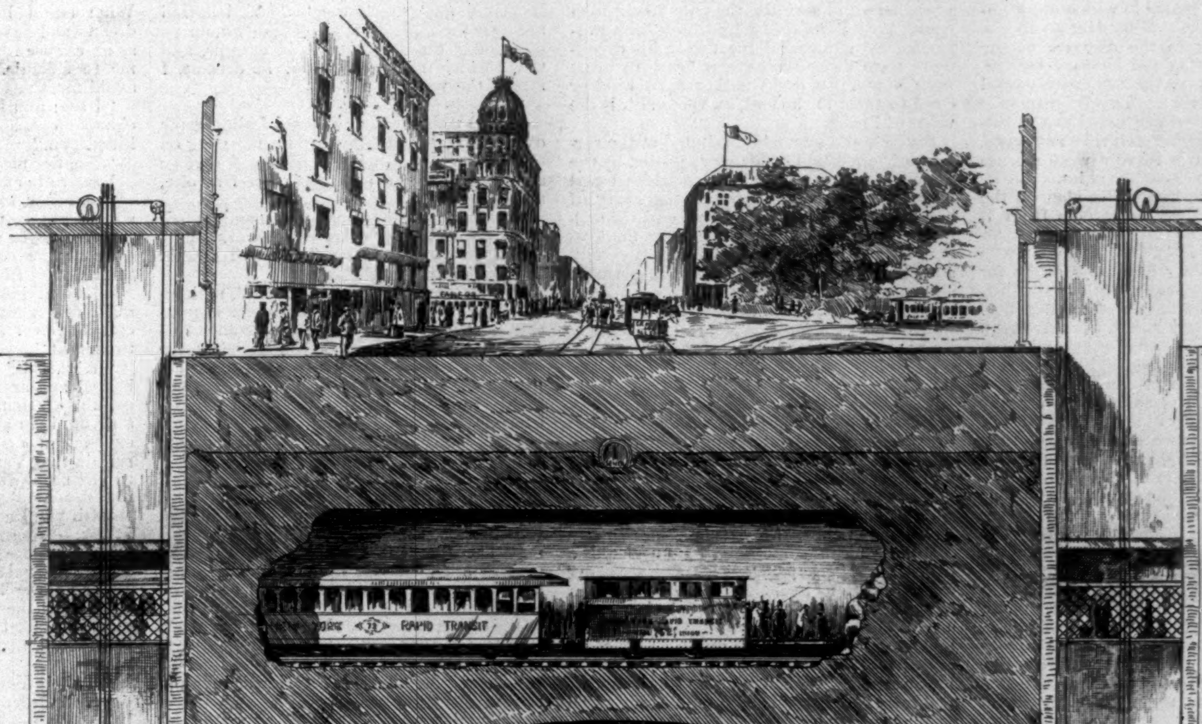
THE OLD HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL.

There are at this time four projects, each with a reasonable chance of success, to unite by tunnels and bridges New York with Long Island, five more to join New York and New Jersey. The oldest of these is the Hudson River tunnel from the foot of Fifteenth Street in Jersey City to the foot of Morton Street in New York. Upon this tunnel work has been done in an intermittent way for several years. It was started by Mr. Haskins and some Western capitalists, and the original plan was to build two single-track brick tunnels side by side in the mud of the river-bottom, covering the brick cylinders with thin iron plates. Once or twice the money gave out, and work had to be stopped, and on several occasions serious accidents, with loss of life, happened and interrupted progress. Two or three years ago some English capitalists took hold of the enterprise, and appointed Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker as consulting engineers. The plans were altered, and work was resumed with great vigor. According to the new plans, an iron tube 18 feet 2 inches in diameter and 2 inches thick was to be laid. This tube was made of twelve plates bolted together, and it was adapted for a single-track railroad, and was held in place by the mud through which it was built. Last summer, when about 4000 feet of the tunnel had been finished, and it was expected to have the whole of the first tube completed from shore to shore in a few months more, the engineers encountered rock in the bottom of the river when they had only expected to find mud. This has occasioned a further delay. The mishaps to this enterprise, which, when it is finished, will at any rate do little towards relieving the traffic problem which has to be solved in the interest of New York's supremacy, have been and still are a great embarrassment to the promoters of the other tunnel schemes to go under the North and East rivers. If this tunnel ever is finished, it is the purpose to take it underground to the neighborhood of Washington Square.

A charter has been asked from the New York Legislature, and the bill has passed both Houses, and now waits the Governor's approval, for a bridge over the East River from Williamsburg to New York, and an elevated road thence to Delancey Street and the Bowery; a bridge also from Fulton Street, Brooklyn, to New York, and thence by elevated road to a junction at Delancey and the Bowery; and an elevated road across town to a junction with the Hudson River tunnel. This project, though it has not yet a charter, is mentioned because its promoters are men of character, and not mere traffickers in legislative acts, and because, too, the interest taken in this project seems to lend hope that the stockholders in the delayed tunnel have not become entirely discouraged.

THE FOURTEENTH STREET TUNNEL.

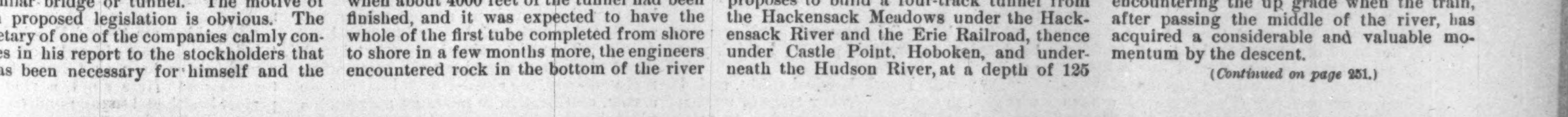
There are three other projects to tunnel the Hudson. The one in the most forward state of preparation is that of the New York and New Jersey Terminal Company, which proposes to build a four-track tunnel from the Hackensack Meadows under the Hackensack River and the Erie Railroad, thence under Castle Point, Hoboken, and underneath the Hudson River, at a depth of 125 feet below mean low-water, to the foot of Fourteenth Street, New York, and under Fourteenth Street to Union Square, where, 100 feet below the street, it is proposed to have a great passenger station large enough to accommodate an immense volume of business. Passengers and baggage will, of course, be brought to the surface with elevators, and these, it is proposed, shall be on private property. This company also proposes, after having completed its line to Union Square, to build a similar tunnel from Fourteenth Street south under Hudson Street to Chambers Street, and thence, continuing in the same line, to Broad and Wall, where an underground station similar to that in Union Square is proposed. Among those interested in this company are Mr. Thomas Rutter, General H. W. Slocum, Mr. Isaac P. Martin, Mr. William D. Guthrie, Mr. Samuel Insull, and Mr. John H. Lidgerwood, all of New York. They have made very elaborate plans, and have just succeeded in securing the consent of a sufficient number of the Fourteenth Street property-owners to enable them to proceed under the general railroad law of the State. From the tunnel mouth to Union Square the distance is 3½ miles, and it is estimated that this distance can be made, by the use of electric motors, in seven minutes. From the tunnel mouth to Broad Street is 5½ miles, and at the same rate of speed it would take eleven minutes to go this distance.



UNDERGROUND STATION OF THE FOURTEENTH STREET TUNNEL, ONE HUNDRED FEET BELOW THE STREET LEVEL OF UNION SQUARE AT UNIVERSITY PLACE.—The Sketch of Fourteenth Street above is not in Scale with the Section Drawings.

This project was conceived by General Roy Stone, who has thus far made all of the plans upon which the company has based its calculations as to cost and probable profits. On the New York side and through the river there are no engineering difficulties likely to be met with. In the city the tunnel will be through solid rock, and so far below the foundations of any of the neighboring structures that the houses cannot possibly be disturbed while the tunnel is in process of construction, or after its completion by the running of trains. At the depth at which it is proposed to go under the river, surveys and borings show that the tunnel will be through a very compact blue clay; under Castle Point, on the New Jersey side, there will be rock of course; and beyond that, in the low ground of the meadows, the tunnel may be interrupted by an open cut in the mud with heavy retaining walls. But there is no reason to apprehend any very serious engineering problems even here. This great work, the engineers estimate, can be completed for $16,500,000. The illustrations printed herewith show the entrance to the tunnel in New Jersey, the underground station at Union Square, and the method of handling trains by a loop system at Union Square. The Edison Company is willing to supply motors sufficiently powerful to do the work the New York and New Jersey Terminal Company has in view. The grade of the tunnel as shown by the profile plan is not a serious one, being only one per cent., and it has the advantage of starting with the loaded trains always on a down grade, and only encountering the up grade when the train, after passing the middle of the river, has acquired a considerable and valuable momentum by the descent.

(*Continued on page 251.*)



A SECTION OF THE HENNING GRAVITY RAILROAD.

FOURTEENTH STREET AT NIGHTFALL.

Just as the sun goes down, and the electric globes in Union Square begin to dash the dull twilight with silver, the busier part of Fourteenth Street takes on an aspect of glitter and haste and bustle, which seems to the stranger in New York exactly to substantialize his vagrant ideas of the big city.

Shop windows suddenly mellow with gas jets, their wares leaping from the sheath of the half-dusk with an illusory effect. Whatever was common by day, and will be merely scenic later on, is, for a few moments, as soft and bright as a vision of fairy.

A glove-shop window blooms in dozens of flowerlike shapes which conceal the gas-burners, stretching over them with the tender suggestiveness of thin white hands. Candy stores display gleaming heaps of jewellike confections. Disembodied wax ladies in wonderful coiffures gaze enticingly over their pink shoulders. Small bisque-headed boys, exhibiting the latest mode in kilts and tartans, become visible behind a reach of glass, their dainty unboyish feet suggesting Birch's drawings of long-haired little lads, slim-legged, angelic of expression, with tremendous sashes about their hips.

It is all just a little vague as yet. The tonality of the scene is clear gray, vivified with spots and streaks of yellow and white, like a dove-colored gauze in which are spangles of gold and steel. Wherever a window shows, far or near, in the distance of the tall buildings fronting the concave square, or hard by in the shops, the dimness is stirred with a distinct radiance. This brightness is always more clearly accentuated at the bottom of the houses, paling as it rises roofward, as if even mercantile fervors were a little cooled by the calmness of the skies.

The spell of the hour falls also on the passing throngs. Everybody gets from it something which embellishes or at least artistically benefits. Even the old woman who in the depth of winter hopefully offers for sale grotesque fans covered with straw flowers gains a weird intimation of immortality. She has the complexion of folk who have been conserved in antique balms for several thousand years. The witchery of her glittering black eyes and falcon profile wins her perhaps as many glances as if she were the pretty girl hastening by in long-caped tweeds.

It would take a more potent magic than subtle conditions of light and shade to make the chamois-skin woman further on an object of favorable notice. She stands in a sheltered space close to a Japanese bazar, in the doorway of which are heaps of queer rugs and cheap lacquers, and rudimentary plants done on slim jugs in washy blues, the whole exotic array bathed in the odor of sandalwood rising from little lighted sticks of incense on a bamboo stand at the threshold.

A perpetual toothache keeps the chamois-skin woman's jaws in woollen bandages. She is, unfortunately, too fat and fair to get a Moorish look from these swathings, over which dark eyes might convey a thought of Tangier the white to a man in a hurry.

A boy with handfuls of limp-stemmed pinks keeps up a noise on a corner, thrusting his flowers in people's faces. His insistence apparently does not always defeat its object, for a woman in a worn black shawl has drawn out of the rush to bargain for a few. Her face looks strangely wan in the moony beams of the electric globe just beyond, and in her eyes is an expression which hints of something else than glow and glamour in the tremulous uncertainty of nightfall. Perhaps she is going to make a last desperate snatch at youth and beauty and love with the borrowed graces of these street flowers. Or it may be, indeed, that the poor rosy things are to be laid away in hands that are done with grasping at the skirts of time and chance.

The young fellow with the thick cane held shaft down in his tan-gloved hand has an air of harmless vanity as he strides along, a satisfied little smile in the curl of his callow mustaches, his collar defining the amiable softness of his smooth chin.

It is getting a little darker. Everybody is in a hurry, and has at this time of day no interest in the luminous attractions of the plate-glass cases. The tides are setting homeward, and it is not pleasant to surmise what sort of homes some of these speeding mortals are so eager to reach. Cheap boarding-houses, perhaps, where a "shaft-room," sumptuously set forth in a cot and a water-jug, induces gratification in the sweet privilege of living.

The very horses clattering in the streets in lessening numbers have a late animation born of equine fancies, to which hay and oats no doubt give cheerful coloring.

At the Fifth Avenue crossing the eye is taken with great milky spheres of light hanging far out upon the façade of a stalwart building. At this point an unhappy little dog, who has been dragging his long-haired wretchedness at the end of a ribbon in the hand of an austere lady, gets trodden by some brute of a man, and howls his remonstrances. There is an instant of vivacious conversation. The brute of a man laughs; so does the crowd on the corner. The bit of yelping fur, clutched to the austere lady's enraged bosom, blinks over her arm at the favored animals who go upright, and have no ribbons about their necks, and are not scrubbed daily with a brush and combed out and fed strange biscuit, and kept from mingling with their kind because of fleas. In a moment now night will be at hand. Looking down Broadway, one catches a flicker of dusky red, the veriest ghost of a sunset which has room to spread in and be beautiful to the last lingering of its afterglow. Against it, rows of street lamps dot the distance in orange blurs, which away off meet and mix. Unequal roofs zigzag blackly overhead, shutting out everything but a lean strip of pale sky, in which one or two stars stare strangely at their dim images in a long flag sweeping from the corner of a tall building close by. The Stars and Stripes narrow and twist in the wind. They seem as restless as the scene below.

After all, though one feels the vital touch of cities, and joins excitedly in their babble, and expands in their hot-house atmosphere, which forces the most reticent bud to show its quality, perhaps there are irrational moments now and then when the glories and grandeurs of great accumulations of men and money seem less like eternal facts than fine figments.

When one is young, and has a gracious doubt of the color of the petals which lie folded in one's greenness, anything is welcome that promises to help the flower out. Even if the pressure reveals only a hollow, it has served a purpose, for next to knowing we are wise is the sublimity of realizing we are fools.

The girl who went toward the square with a rapt face and a violin, the pale young man whose threadbare coat might have been purple for all it damped the fire in his eyes—these have flung themselves heart to heart with New York, and whether it be kind or cruel to them in the end, its voice now is the voice of love.

But that old man who hesitated at the corner as if uncertain of his way, jostled by the crowd, his eyes wandering, his white beard blowing out—maybe through the clang of hoof and the noise of the street and the artifices of gas and electricity he hears the lowing of cattle and the call of a whippoorwill, and sees green fields folded in the peaceful stillness of country twilight.

Eva Wilder McGlasson.

KILLED BY VAN ORDEN.

BY JAMES HARVEY SMITH.

"Do you believe in dreams?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Everybody has dreams; every animate being, I should have said. They are the creations of the brain, and everything that has a brain has dreams."

"Do you believe that dreams have any significance; or, as people say, do they mean anything?" persisted my friend.

"They mean something," I answered, a little testily, perhaps. "When you see a dog moving his legs in little jerks and hear him emit a muffled bark in his sleep, he is chasing a rabbit or maybe a tramp in imagination; a horse that stamps and whinnies in his sleep is in imaginary harness; and so on with the lower orders. Man, having a wider range of waking thought and action, naturally has a greater variety of dreams. With man, dreams generally mean a heavy supper or too much liquor; sometimes dyspepsia, or being in debt or in love; or sometimes they simply mean that the dreamer is lying in a cramped position. Some very remarkable dreams have been traced to that cause."

"Then a perfectly healthy man in good spirits, not in love nor in financial straits, who arranges his body in a proper manner between the sheets, should not have dreams?"

"As a rule, no; of an unpleasant character, certainly not. That is the theory."

"You believe it?"

"Yes."

Frank looked out of the window in silence, and, by the glare of the gas-lamp, I scrutinized his face with some apprehension. I anticipated something grewsome, although the surroundings were neither gloomy nor romantic.

We were in Frank's room, a second-story front, in a middle-class boarding house in a middle-class neighborhood. The windows looked out on a clean prosaic street, and the room was finished in conventional style. Frank Chessman was a medical student, now in his last year at college, and he was not at all inclined to be mystical, nor even speculative. Of all professions, none is so intensely realistic as the physician's. He cuts and carves to the root, and is so intent upon prying into the secrets of the body that he gives little thought to the mysteries of the soul. The heart is a machine to pump blood, the lungs are chemical purifiers, the brain is a mass of gray matter—that is all. My young friend had not even the average student's fondness for prankish decorations with bones and skulls; his room might have been a bookkeeper's.

"Yet," said Frank, knocking the ashes of his cigar on the window-sill, "I have had dreams that I cannot reconcile with the theory."

"Quite likely," I returned. "You may be deficient in analytic power; I think you are."

"Do you?" Frank laughed softly, and, I was glad to see, without any trace of uneasiness. I had foreseen a discussion on matters about which no man knows anything, and nothing can be more wearisome than that. So I was disappointed when he added, "Let me tell you about a singular dream I had a year ago."

"Very well," I assented, as courteously as I could.

"I had gone to bed early," began Frank, "and I am quite certain that I did not overeat, and I drank no liquor at all. I am equally certain that I was not in debt, love, or bad health. But I dreamed— By-the-way, did you ever meet Van Orden?"

"Not that I remember."

"If you had, you would have remembered him. He was a law student in the university; had a free scholarship from the city, I believe; and in many respects he was a remarkable young man. He was about my age, but much larger, and I always thought he was too handsome for a man. He had great black eyes—soft as an Italian girl's—crisp curly hair, and complexion like a peach. Not a prig or a fop, mind! He was on the football eleven and baseball nine, and an all-around athlete as well."

"Well?" I said, shortly.

"Well, I dreamed about Van Orden. In my dream I was walking along the edge of a great high cliff which overhung the ocean. I do not remember that I ever saw such a place in my waking hours, and when I thought it over afterwards, I came to the conclusion that I had read about such cliffs in England and Scotland, and perhaps seen pictures of a similar locality."

"Very likely," I assented.

"Well, I dreamed I was walking along, when Van Orden came slowly toward me, and as I stretched out my hand to greet him, he seized me around the body and hurled me over the cliff. I fell down, down, an interminable time, as you do in dreams, and then, which is very unusual in dreams, I struck the water."

"And awoke?"

"No, I didn't. A smothered feeling came over me, and then I saw my face floating on the surface of the water, and heard a voice say, 'He has been killed.' Then I awoke, all in a tremble."

"A disagreeable dream," I commented, "but not unique or otherwise remarkable."

"I am aware of that," rejoined Frank. "But it has a sequel."

"Your dream was repeated? Still, nothing unusual. A vivid dream leaves an impression upon the brain almost equal to an actual occurrence, with the result that when the body is quiescent, the brain recalls the impression. This happens not only once but many times, without any special significance."

"No," said Frank, quietly, "the dream was not repeated."

"Then what happened?"

"I had another dream a week later. I was in a ballroom having a jolly time, and presently I went into the conservatory. I may say that in this and the subsequent dreams not once was there anything familiar in the surroundings, nor did I recognize a face—with a single exception. I had been in the conservatory only a few minutes when Van Orden appeared in a near-by doorway, and shot me, and I died."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Singular, wasn't it? Well, a month later I dreamed that I was lying in a hammock in a grove, which, in my dream, I knew to be somewhere in the tropics, when Van Orden suddenly appeared, and strangled me."

"One moment!" I cried. "Were you and Van Orden enemies or rivals in any sense?"

"Not in any sense. I had meant to say that at the start. We were the best of friends, and I cannot remember that we had even a difference of opinion. Not that we were chummy, understand, because we met but seldom, but when we did, we were very congenial. And that reminds me of something else. In all these dreams there was one point of resemblance apart from the killing. Van Orden never appeared furious or vengeful; his expression was invariably one of sorrow or pity, so far as I could judge. It left an impression on me, in an odd way, that Van Orden *had* to kill me."

"Yes, I understand. Any more?"

"Two more. In one I met him in a secluded by-street where I was walking, and was stabbed; and in the fifth, and last, we were guests at a banquet. Van Orden passed me a glass of wine, and I knew it was poisoned, but I took it and drank the contents, looking all the while into his great soulful eyes, realizing that he pitied me, but was urged on by fate, or whatever you may call it."

I felt a certain sense of uneasiness creeping over me as my friend concluded. In spite of the fact that I knew, as a philosopher, that the five dreams were but five phantasies, I felt, as a friend, a feeling of dread.

"And that was all?" I queried, after trying to think of something more consoling or explanatory to say.

"All of the dreams—yes," replied Frank, "but there is something else to tell. First, about Van Orden. I am not a philosopher like you, Amos, and so I am not ashamed to say that this series of dreams impressed me deeply. They not only alarmed but bewildered me. Had they been the same scene repeated—say, the cliff—I would have made a vow, and kept it, to never go near such a place, but I could not avoid hammocks, by-streets, banquet-halls, and ballrooms as well, without being a downright hermit."

"But you could avoid Van Orden," I suggested.

"Not absolutely, without leaving the university. Yet I determined to avoid him as much as possible, and I did so. Mind! I felt no resentment, but as days passed on I gradually formulated the terrifying theory that Van Orden was destined to kill me. Do you remember the story of the young man in the *Arabian Nights* whose horoscope revealed that on a certain birthday he was to be killed by a certain prince? His father took the young man to a remote island and immured him in an underground chamber, there to remain alone until the fatal day had passed. Well, this prince— What was his name?"

"Agib, wasn't it?"

"Yes, that was his name. Well, Agib was up a tree on the island when the young man was hidden, and when the old father and his servants are out of sight, he descends, and makes the acquaintance of the fated youth. When the unlucky day arrives, he kills the boy with a table knife, just as had been predicted, although the killing was purely by accident. It was fate, and he *had* to kill him."

"And you reasoned that Van Orden might do likewise?"

"Precisely. He might kill me in a hundred accidental ways—on the play-ground or in the gymnasium, at table, in the street—I am sure I thought of a hundred possibilities. The idea took such a hold of me that I actually turned aside to avoid meeting him, even in a crowd. He noticed my behavior, I know, and felt justly offended—he has told my friends as much—but I made no explanation. What could I explain? To rehearse my dreams as I have done to you, and offer them as an excuse for my conduct, would subject me to ridicule. Besides, I wanted him to avoid me, so as to reduce the chances."

"I see; and it seems to have reduced the chances considerably. Van Orden has *not* killed you."

"No, nor never will," Frank laughed.

I was rather surprised at the sudden change of demeanor, but before I had time to make a comment, he became grave again.

"Amos," he said, with a sigh, "your theories are perfectly correct; there is nothing in dreams. I have told you that I have had five most vivid dreams, so realistic that I cannot recall them without feeling a cold chill creeping over me, and yet they have come to naught."

"Wait a bit," I objected, becoming at once logical and argumentative, "you cannot be certain of that. I will never believe that a dream is in any sense a prophecy of good or evil, but, on your part, you can never be certain that Van Orden will *not* kill you until you are drawing the last breath of a natural decease."

"Oh yes, I can, most wise logician!" cried Frank. "You have omitted one major premise—suppose Van Orden dies first?"

"Is he dead?" I cried, in turn.

For answer Frank turned up the student lamp until the light flooded the apartment, then he took from a near-by cabinet a polished skull, and stood it on the table before him.

"This is Van Orden," he said, briefly.

"Van Orden!" I repeated, recoiling slightly.

"Don't be alarmed," said Frank, after an outburst of merriment. "I can read your thoughts, Amos. No, I did not kill him, although an acute reasoner like yourself might have argued that I was justified. No, poor fellow"—dropping again into a melancholy tone—"he died a natural death, if disease is natural."

"And how did you become possessed of this ghastly memento?"

"In a roundabout but perfectly legitimate manner. Van Orden—I told you, did I not?—was a poor chap, working at odd jobs here and there to pay his board and buy the necessaries of life during his term, and when he died, there was no one to bury him. He was a retiring fellow—the pride of poverty, you know—and no one knew where he lived; to tell the truth, no one cared to inquire, and when he was taken sick, he was too proud to appeal to his friends for help. So he was taken to the almshouse hospital when he grew delirious from fever, and there he died. You know what becomes of pauper bodies, don't you? Well, I missed Van Orden, but, under the circumstances, did not care to inquire about him, and when I next saw his face it was upturned on a dissecting table."

I looked at the grinning skull within reach of my hand, and with difficulty repressed a shudder.

"It was a dreadful shock to me for a moment, and then I actually felt a thrill of joy, something like a murderer who has been reprieved, I imagine. But I did not breathe entirely easy until I got this in my possession"—tapping the skull—"and it cost me a pretty penny; you know skulls are expensive. I worked over it until I got it into excellent shape—don't you think?"

That was the embryo doctor in Frank talking.

"I shouldn't care to keep it," I said, earnestly.

"Shouldn't you?" said Frank, in surprise. "It is my greatest object-lesson; one I shall remember as long as I live. See what it teaches me! Here am I, a young man in perfect health and sound mind, troubled with no mystical notions, and a member of a profession that is singularly free from superstition, and yet a series of disordered visions lead me to unhappy days and restless nights, rout my reason, and warp my judgment, and, worst of all, make me cruelly suspicious and unjust to a fellow-being who never did nor never would have done me an injury. Could

any lesson be more impressive? Poor fellow!" he added, with tears in his eyes, as he took up the skull in his left hand, and slowly passed his right hand over the cranium. "It will be many days before I can forgive myself for doing you an injustice. Who knows, Amos, that if it had not been for those foolish dreams, I would have been his dearest friend?"

"Who knows?" I echoed, keeping my eyes upon the skull, which had for me a singular fascination.

"He was a noble fellow, and would have made a noble friend. I wish you had known him, Amos; you would have liked him. I look at this every day, and try to picture it as alive. His mouth, his eyes—"

"What is that?" I asked, as Frank uttered a slight exclamation.

"I have pricked my finger in the eye-socket—a mere scratch," he replied. Then, rising, he put away the skull with a sigh. "Well, well, I'll forget it in time, Amos; but the whole affair has certainly been an epoch in my life. Take another cigar, Amos."

Our senior delegated me to go to Montana next day, where a silver trust was being organized, and some one was needed to draw up the preliminary papers, and it was four weeks before I returned to New York. Almost the first person I met said to me,

"Sad about young Chessman, wasn't it?"

"What of him?" I asked, quickly.

"Didn't you know?" he rejoined, open-mouthed. "Such a promising young fellow—"

"Well? well?"

"Died three weeks ago."

"Good heavens! How?"

"Blood-poisoning; curious case, too. It seems he was handling a skull and cut his finger—a mere scratch, they say. He paid no attention to it until the finger began to swell. Then he had two of the best doctors in the city, but they couldn't save him, and he died on the fifth day."

NEW GATEWAYS TO THE METROPOLIS.

(Continued from page 249.)

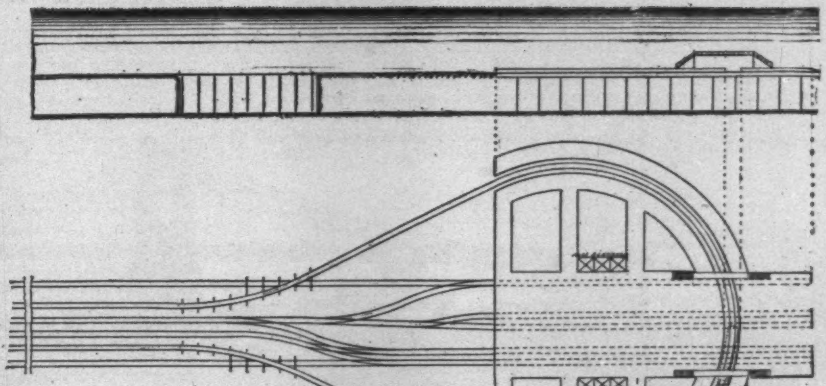
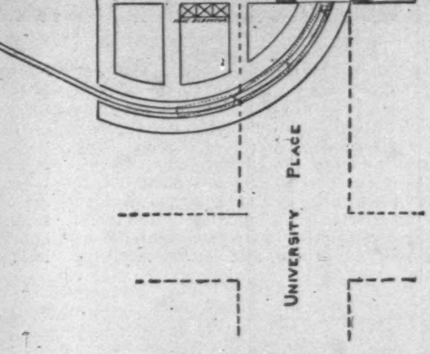
MR. CORBIN'S TUNNELLING PROJECTS.

Another plan is that of the Metropolitan Underground Railway Company. This is known as having originated with Mr. Austin Corbin, who has associated with him in the corporation General B. F. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy; Mr. Levi P. Morton, Vice-President of the United States; General John Newton; ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt; Mr. F. P. Olcott, president of the Union Trust Company; Mr. H. O. Armour, of Chicago; United States Senator Calvin S. Brice; General Horace Porter; and Mr. C. P. Huntington. Mr. Charles M. Jacobs, an engineer from London, was brought here specially to conduct the surveys and make the plans, which contemplate the building of two tunnels from the Battery—one to Jersey City, and the other, in what is pretty nearly a continuation of a direct line, to Brooklyn. These plans were elaborated before the Rapid Transit Commission had adopted the plan which it is quite likely will have to be abandoned, and while Mr. Corbin had hopes that the commission would adopt his plans, of which these subaqueous tunnels were a part. At the termini the Metropolitan system has elevators to take passengers to the surface of the ground and also to the elevated railroad levels. Those interested in this company are not disposed to give much information as to its present status. They, like the promoters of several of the rival enterprises, are disposed to "lay low," and see how the ground will look in case the Rapid Transit Commission will have to abandon its present plans and reopen the question again. The plans of Mr. Jacobs have, however, been very carefully elaborated, and he expresses himself as ready to go ahead so soon as he shall receive orders to that effect.

THE HENNING GRAVITY RAILROAD.

The fourth scheme for tunnelling the Hudson is that of Major B. S. Henning, who proposes to build a gravity railroad, from the City Hall in New York to Jersey City, near the Pennsylvania Railroad station. Major Henning's scheme, like that of Mr. Corbin's, also contemplates a tunnel to Brooklyn, which shall have its termini near the City Halls of the respective cities. The plan proposed by Major Henning is somewhat novel, and has been misrepresented to an extent that some have thought that he contemplated using grades of very great and dangerous steepness, like those found on the toboggan slides and switchback railways put up at places of amusement to pleasurably frighten rural maidens and country bumpkins. But such is not the case. The steepest grade reached in either of his proposed tunnels is only ten per cent., and the mean grade is about six per cent. The Henning system may be briefly described as a double-track railway in a masonry tunnel, having inclines at each end of each section, with stations at the summits of the inclines at or near the surface of the ground. Applying this system to the two tunnels under the rivers, as now contemplated, each tunnel will have only one section, and the two summits of each will be at the termini. The motive power of the system is mainly gravity, which carries the train down the descending grade with constantly increasing velocity and living force, the latter carrying it up the ascending grade with diminishing velocity until this is reduced to that of the cable or other motor employed, which then takes hold and carries the train to the summit. The highest rate of speed attained will be at the rate of eighty miles an hour, and a trip from Brooklyn City Hall, which is thirty-three feet higher than New York City Hall, can be made by gravity alone, and will take only two minutes and fifteen seconds of time. The trip the other way, where power will need to be used on the up grade, will take a few seconds more. But in either direction this looks like eliminating space.

Some critics of Major Henning's system having apprehended danger in case of the breaking of a car wheel while the train was going at such a terrific rate of speed, the engineers of the company have devised special side guards for the cars, so that in case of an accident from a broken wheel or axle the danger to passengers would be reduced to a minimum. The system has been examined and reported upon by such eminent engineers as Mr. George S. Morrison, of Chicago, and General William Sooy Smith, of New York. Mr. Morrison says: "As to the system, there is no doubt that it could be carried out successfully.... From its nature it is less costly than any other underground railroad system." General Smith says: "The system is perfectly practicable from an engineering point of view, and a high average rate of speed would be obtained. I have made no estimate of cost, but it should not vary materially from the usual cost of arched masonry tunnels for a double-track railroad through materials such as will be met with on the line proposed." The estimated business of the Brooklyn tunnel alone would justify the company, according to the report of Mr. O. H. P. Cornell, chief engineer, to issue $4,000,000 five-per-cent. bonds, and $3,000,000 of seven-per-cent. stock. The promoters of this scheme are singular among their rivals in one regard. They say frankly that they do not go ahead with their work because they have not yet obtained the necessary capital. The others all profess that they can get all the money they want just as soon as they are ready to ask for it.

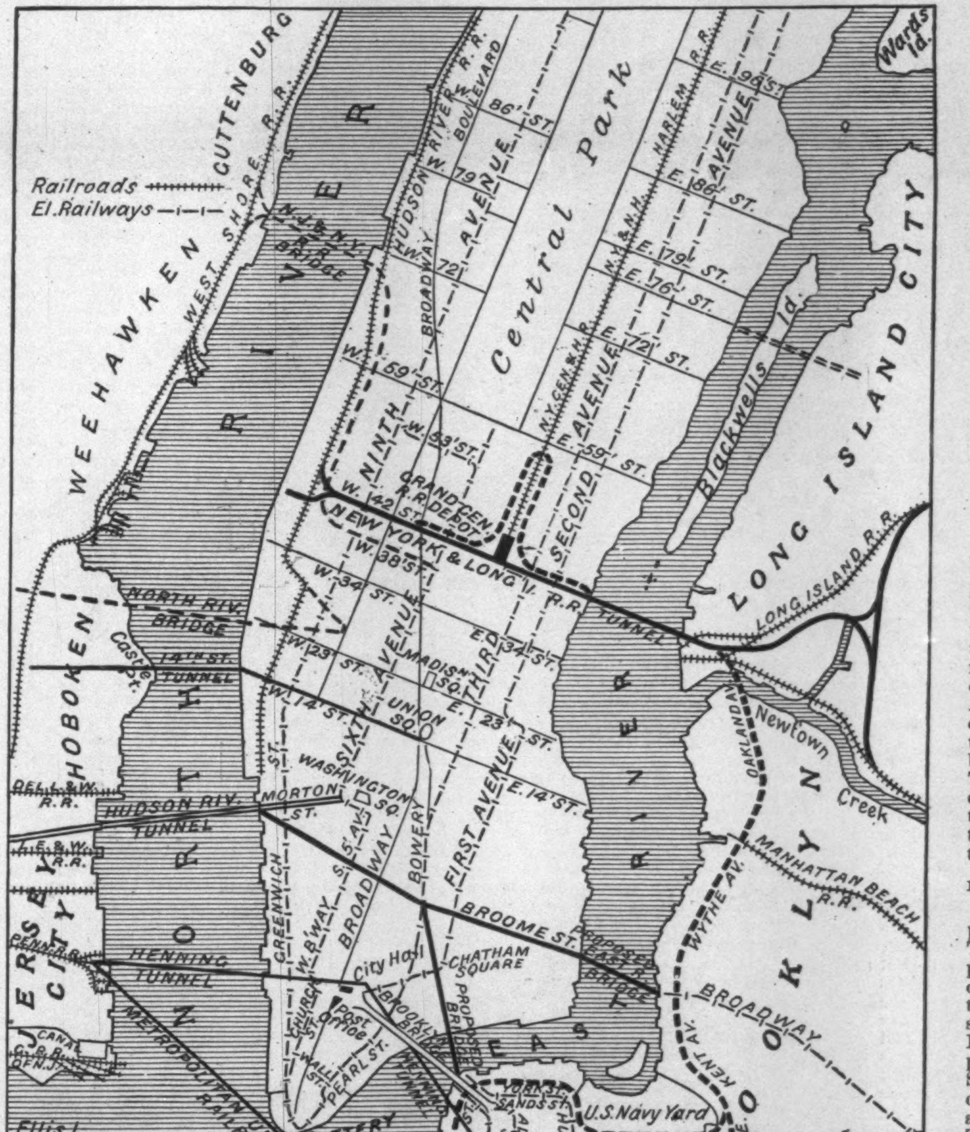
PLAN AND ELEVATION SHOWING METHOD OF HANDLING TRAINS IN THE PROPOSED UNDERGROUND STATION IN UNION SQUARE.

THE LONG ISLAND TUNNELS.

Of the three tunnels to Long Island, I have already said all that was necessary of two—those proposed by Mr. Corbin and Major Henning. The remaining tunnel is that of the New York and Long Island Railway Company, which proposes to go beneath the East River at Forty-second Street, and enter Long Island City, thence going to Brooklyn and other parts of Long Island by elevated and surface railroads. On the New York side this company also proposes to go underneath Forty-second Street as far west as Eleventh Avenue, where a junction will be effected with the freight tracks of the New York Central Railroad. This company is one of the oldest of these corporations, and has probably been in existence longer than any of the others except the Hudson River Tunnel Company, and it is well advanced with its preliminary plans. Readers of New York newspapers heard a good deal of this company several years ago when it was seeking to secure the consent of the Board of Aldermen to tunnel under Forty-second Street. The consent of the proper number of property-owners had already been secured, but some members of the Board of Aldermen professed to believe that to build the tunnel would destroy property values in New York, and enhance values in Long Island. For several sessions, stretching over two or three years, the measure hung fire in the board, and during that time there were not a few suggestions that the zealous members of the board were waiting to see whether there was not some "boodle" in the scheme. At length public opinion forced a new board to grant the franchise. Then it was necessary to get a similar concession in Long Island City. There the measure was delayed by the Mayor, until he had assured himself that the gentlemen interested in the enterprise were of sound financial means. Then the measure was passed by the Alderman, and the preliminary company reorganized for practical work, with Mr. H. P. Hammond as president, Mr. William Steinway as vice-president, Mr. Malcolm W. Niven as secretary, Mr. P. P. Dickinson as chief engineer, and Mr. John Bogart as engineer of the construction company. I am told by these gentlemen that they are now at work securing concessions and options from the owners of private property. Their success in this work so far leads them to hope that they will be able to carry their enterprise through without having to resort to condemnation proceedings in any instance. At any rate, it is their present policy not to begin actual work until this hope be realized or abandoned. There are no engineering difficulties in the way of this work, as through its entire length it will be simple tunnelling in the solid rock.

BRIDGES OVER EAST RIVER.

Such are the tunnels in prospect at this writing. There may be several more projected before this paper comes off the press. As to the bridges, I have already spoken of two across the East River, which it is proposed to join at Delancey Street and the Bowery—one coming from Williamsburg and another from Brooklyn. The spokesman for the promoters of this scheme is the corporation lawyer Mr. Lauterbach, a partner of ex-Governor George Hoadly. Mr. Lauterbach said to me that if he and his associates got a charter from the Legislature they would go to work at once and build the bridges and elevated roads previously alluded to. Another East River bridge scheme is that known



MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF PROJECTED BRIDGES AND TUNNELS, AND THEIR CONNECTIONS FOR ENTRANCE TO NEW YORK.

as the Blackwell's Island Bridge. A charter was obtained for a highway bridge at this point from New York to Astoria many years ago. The owners of the charter determined, before going actually to work, that a railway bridge would probably prove more profitable, and they changed their plans accordingly. After much litigation, the courts decided that the charter for a highway bridge could not be construed to authorize the building of a railroad bridge, and before anything more could be done it was necessary to have the charter amended by the Legislature. This, I am told, has been done, and renewed life has been injected into the old enterprise.

THE NORTH RIVER BRIDGES.

The two other bridge schemes are to cross the Hudson River, one at Twenty-third Street, New York, and the other at Seventy-first Street. The first of these is a suspension bridge, designed by Mr. Gustav Lindenthal, of Pittsburg, and the second a cantilever, designed by Mr. Thomas C. Clarke, of New York. The North River Bridge Company has a charter for Mr. Lindenthal's bridge from the United States government, and is advised by its legal counsel that it does not require legislation from the States of New York and New Jersey. For the bridge planned by Mr. Clarke charters have been granted by the State of New York and the State of New Jersey, while a bill is pending in Congress for a charter, against which the Senate committee to which it was referred has made an adverse report, and against which also the Mayor of New York has protested, on the ground that the proposed bridge and approaches would be a damage and menace to New York city property. What will be the upshot of these conflicting interests it is hard to say, but it is very certain that not more than one of these bridges will be built in the near future. And that one of these or some other with a somewhat similar location will soon be built, seems equally certain.

THE NORTH RIVER SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

The bill chartering the Lindenthal bridge required that the height above high-water be left to the discretion of the Secretary of War, provided a minimum height equal to that of the Brooklyn Bridge be obtained. A board of army engineers, acting under instructions from the Secretary of War, considered Mr. Lindenthal's plans, and approved them with some modifications, and also determined that the height should be 150 feet above high-water. The bridge as proposed will comprise five divisions—a central span, two land spans, and two approaches. The bridge proper will start from the New Jersey anchorage, abutting on the corner of Bloomfield and Twelfth streets, Hoboken, and on the New York side will terminate at its anchorage at Twenty-third Street and Tenth Avenue. The total distance between these points is 6700 feet. The central span will be 3100 feet from centre to centre of piers, and the shore spans will be 1800 feet each, measured as above. The clear span of the central bay is to be 2920 feet. So as to give some idea of the difference between this suspension-bridge and that over the East River to Brooklyn, it may be said that the latter has one span of 1595 feet, and two spans each of 930 feet, making a total of 3455 feet. At the point selected for Mr. Lindenthal's bridge there is, according to coast-survey measurements, a distance of 2740 feet between the pier-head lines as established by law. Both piers come inside of this line, so that the legal channel of the river is not to be interfered with if the surveys be accurate. Double steel towers 525 feet high, on foundations 180×350 feet, will carry the cables, which will pass over the towers. The cables, four in number, are to be arranged in pairs, one nearly vertically over the other, and of 48 to 50 inches diameter each. The cables are 55 feet apart vertically. To prevent deformation and to cause the cables to act as truss chords, diagonal braces are inserted between the members of each pair of cables. The whole thus constitutes two arched trusses, which, it is claimed, will resist deformation from train loads. The cables are to be made of steel wire, laid parallel, and bound together at intervals; but they are not to be bound with wire as in the East River bridge, but are to be surrounded with a cylindrical sheet-steel casing, bolted on and water-tight. This casing is to be large enough to provide two inches of clear space all around the cable for the circulation of air and the equalization of temperature. This device, it is thought, will counteract to some extent the uneven heating of the wire cable, and the consequent undesirable strain. Here is the strength of the structure as estimated by the designer:

"The maximum load to be allowed is only equal to one-quarter the ultimate strength. As live loads in the calculations, for each of the main tracks a 1000-foot 1200-ton train was assumed, and for the rapid-transit tracks a 300-foot 200-ton train each, while for the promenade 13,000 men were assumed. All this weight was supposed to be placed upon a single span, with the result of indicating the large factor of safety expressed above. With 1330 locomotives loading the bridge from end to end, only one-third its ultimate strength will be called upon. The dead-weight of the structure will be nearly three and one-half times this amount."

The proposed station in New York is to be in the neighborhood of Sixth Avenue above Twenty-third Street, and presumably it will be an elevated station, otherwise the grade descending from the bridge would be impracticable. It is to be 1300 feet long, and to include a 400-foot loop for drilling trains. Mr. Jordan L. Mott, of New York, is president of the company; and the other directors are Mr. Edward F. C. Young, of Jersey City; Messrs. Thomas F. Ryan, Charles J. Canda, and William Brookfield, of New York; Mr. James Andrews, of Allegheny, Pennsylvania; and Mr. J. K. McLanahan, of Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania. It is estimated that it will take less than four years to build the bridge after its construction has been begun.

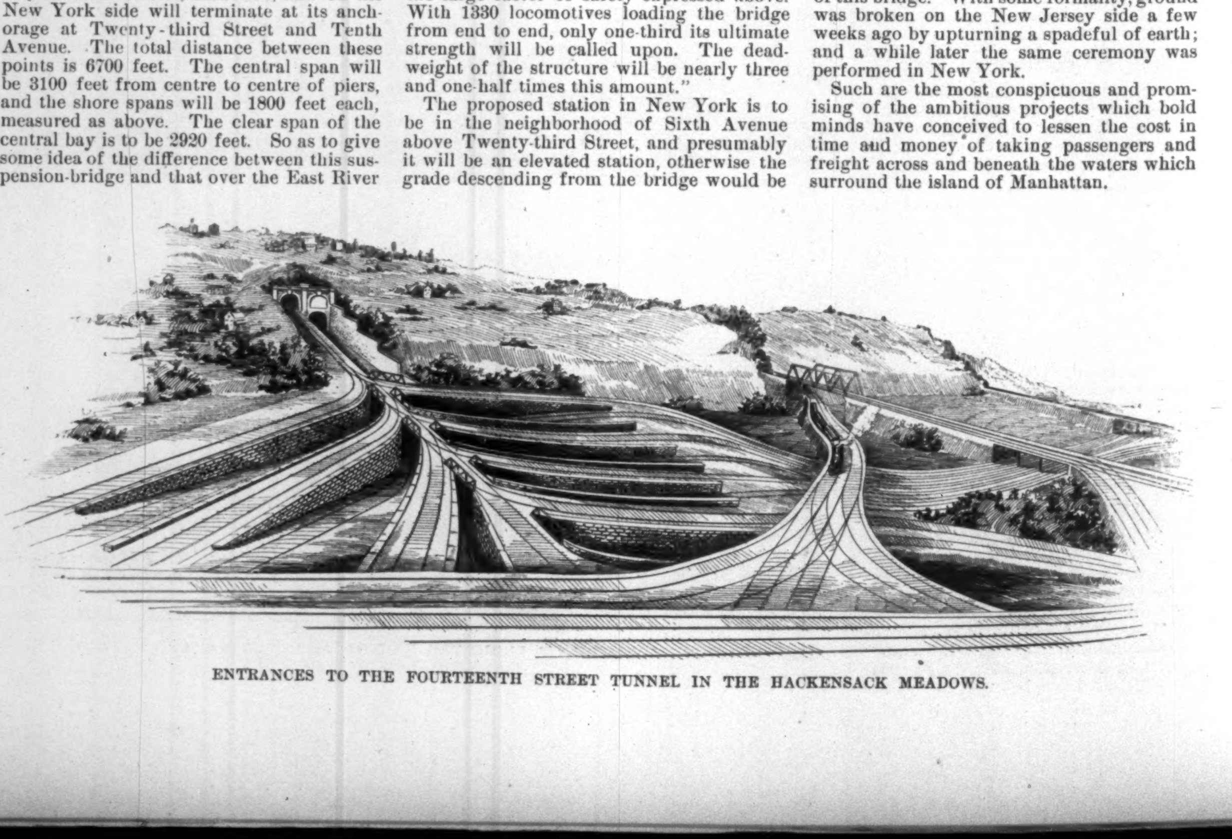
PROPOSED UNION STATION, THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET AND BROADWAY, TO WHICH THE TRACKS FROM THE HUDSON RIVER CANTILEVER BRIDGE WILL RUN.

THE HUDSON RIVER CANTILEVER BRIDGE.

The other bridge, that which the New York and New Jersey Bridge Company proposes to erect over the Hudson, will extend from a point in New Jersey about a mile above the West Shore ferry-houses to a point at or near Seventy-first Street on the New York side, with a viaduct to a proposed union station at Thirty-eighth Street and Broadway. This bridge will be 4592 feet long, and will consist of one central span of 2146 feet, and two side spans of 1073 feet each; also a short span of 300 feet on the New York shore. The spans of this bridge, it will be noticed, are also longer than those of the Brooklyn Bridge. It will be 150 feet above high-water, and will be 193 feet wide, with provision for eight railway tracks and two sidewalks. The structure will be carried by two main towers 500 feet high, with bases 120×250 feet, extending about 250 feet through water and soil to solid rock. It is proposed that elevators shall be run to the top of the bridge towers, around which there shall be galleries large enough to hold seventy-five persons at one time. From such an altitude—100 feet higher than the top of the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge—a splendid view will be afforded. This will be a cantilever bridge, the only form of very long span, the engineer says, which entirely eliminates strains from changes of temperature. It is estimated that owing to recent improvements in the manufacture of steel and in sinking foundations, this bridge can be built in less than half the time that was required for the Brooklyn Bridge, and at no greater cost than that. The engineer of this bridge is Mr. Thomas C. Clarke, one of the oldest and most distinguished bridge-builders in the world. His enthusiasm in the scheme carries great weight with those acquainted with his conservative character, and aware of his eminence in his profession.

From the bridge the tracks will go south; by means of a viaduct in Eleventh Avenue, to Thirty-ninth Street, where it will curve over to the great station that will front on Broadway. This station, which will be modelled somewhat on the St. Pancras station in London, but larger, will be 400 feet wide and 1300 feet long, and will contain room for twenty tracks and their platforms. Mr. Andrew H. Green is the chairman of the commission in charge of the preliminary affairs of this bridge. With some formality, ground was broken on the New Jersey side a few weeks ago by upturning a spadeful of earth; and a while later the same ceremony was performed in New York.

Such are the most conspicuous and promising of the ambitious projects which bold minds have conceived to lessen the cost in time and money of taking passengers and freight across and beneath the waters which surround the island of Manhattan.



ENTRANCES TO THE FOURTEENTH STREET TUNNEL IN THE HACKENSACK MEADOWS.

WAITING FOR THE BIRDS.

THE CLUB-HOUSES OF CURRITUCK SOUND.

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER.

AN examination of the coast chart on the next page will give a pretty clear idea of the greatest sporting spot on this continent. Nature formed this section entirely for a sporting preserve and nothing else—water, food, and solitude, the three great elements, are combined here. The strip of sand varying from a few hundred yards to a couple of miles that divides the ocean from the sound is but thinly settled by a hardy race of guides and fishermen. The soil is too sandy to raise either garden truck, field crops, or orchards. On the other side of the sound are vast swamps and morasses that are inaccessible (except at spots) to the footstep of man. The wild-fowl, in their migration from the realms of the arctic regions, generally follow the trend of the ocean, and, scattering as they go, seek their feeding-grounds. The great majority of the ducks, geese, and swan that pass by this point, guided by their mysterious but unerring instinct, wheel in their flight and settle in Currituck or Back Bay. The sound is about forty miles long, from three to ten miles wide, and the waters are very shallow, averaging from a foot to five feet in depth, and the bottom is one mass of wild celery. These North Carolina sounds were at some distant epoch a part of the ocean, but a long sand bar running from Cape Henry to Hatteras changed them to small inland seas. The frequent rains make the water almost fresh, though at times the incoming tide rolling from the ocean through Orinoke Inlet gives it a slightly brackish or saline taste.

Currituck Sound and Back Bay are interspersed with a great number of small islands that form innumerable coves, creeks, and inlets. It is in these sheltered spots the celery grows thickest, and the wild-fowl mostly resort.

Outside, in the sound, the territory is free, but every island, estuary, and creek is private property, mostly owned by the different clubs. There are by law only two ways of killing ducks and geese at Currituck—by blind and sink-box. All big guns, sneak-boats, and rifle-shooting are illegal. The different kinds of duck that frequent this section are canvas-back, red-head, black duck, mallard, widgeon, spring-tail, bald-pate, creek-duck, teal, and common duck, besides the swan, gray goose, and Canada brant.

If there were any spot on earth that one would expect to find untenanted, it would be this stretch of sand between ocean and sound. It is the very abomination of desolation. In winter it is storm-swept; in the summer the mosquitoes simply make life a burden. Yet there is a hardy race who have lived here from father to son for over a century. They exist entirely by fishing, hunting, rearing cattle, and acting as guides. These sand-dwellers have many of the traits of Indians. They are hardy, resolute, patient, and, when at home, incorrigibly lazy. They dislike steady work, and leave that to their wives and daughters, who slave from daybreak until dark. The men can pole a boat all day, and suffer hardships uncomplainingly, but when not on a hunting trip they simply lounge. They will lean up against a house all day. I have seen boatmen sit with pipes in their mouths hardly stirring all day, waiting in their boats for customers.

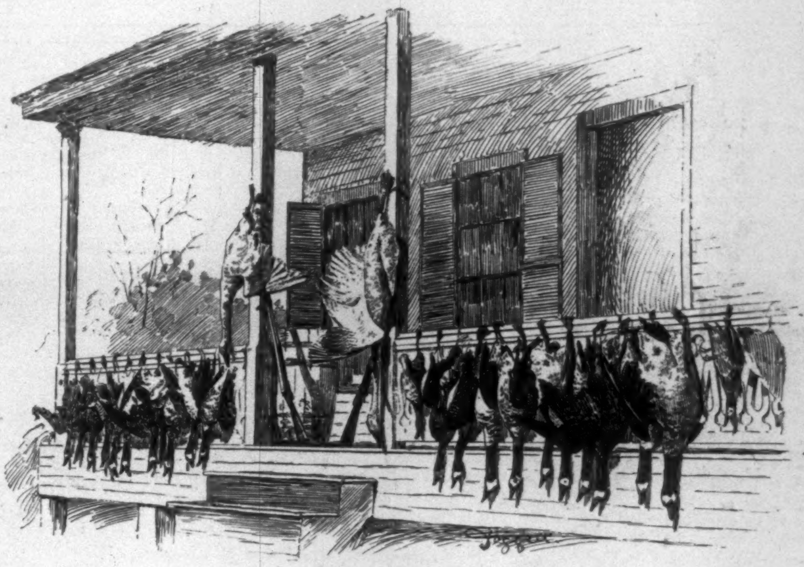
Every sportsman who mixes with these poverty-stricken North-Carolinians perceives the great superiority in every way of the women over the men; they are brighter, quicker, and more clever. While the men as a general thing are lazy and shiftless, the women are energetic and provident. When the lords of creation are dawdling and loafing, the women are hard at work. The whole care of the family, nay, the very roof over their heads, depends nine times out of ten upon them. They wash, sew, weave, card, spin, and fashion the homely clothes, they rear the poultry which goes to pay the meagre grocery bill, and with all these accomplishments they are model wives according to the old orthodox standpoint, for they recognize that their husbands are, as Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew* puts it, their "lord," their "king," their "master." They cook and serve the food, but neither they nor the children sit down to the table until their "liege" is satisfied. Nearly all of these women are religious in their sense at least, and they go from the cradle to the grave devout, humble, constant, industrious, and obedient. It is worth while to be born a boy in that part of North Carolina.

The colder and more boisterous the weather, the more plentiful the game. A hard winter means royal sport. An open winter, like the last two, means poor shooting, and but few clubmen go to Currituck. Many of the life-saving stations have telephones and some telegraphic instruments, so that quick communication with the outside world can be had. For the last two winters but one reply has been sent by the keepers of the clubs in answer to their patrons: "No weather, no ducks, no use to come."

The tenth day of November is the fateful day at Currituck, the open season begins, and every man and boy who can raise a gun takes a shy at the wild-fowl. A stranger ignorant of the fact would imagine a heavy skirmish was going on. Every blind and box is filled, and the event is celebrated throughout the whole section.

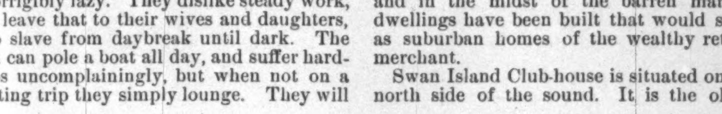
The slaughter of wild-fowl a few years ago, by every conceivable mode of killing, became so barbarous that the Legislature passed stringent laws for the protection of the water-fowl in Currituck; but they are evaded by the unscrupulous pot-hunters and short-sighted natives, who kill ducks in the night-time, and use swivels that slay whole flocks. It is a matter of serious complaint with the better class of sand-dwellers and clubmen that these soulless pirates have materially reduced the shooting, and thereby injured the section.

There is no place in the Union that has so many costly club-houses grouped together as Currituck Sound. Everything that could be done for the comfort and luxury of the sportsman in erecting the club-houses in this bleak, dreary region has been accomplished, and in the midst of the barren marshes dwellings have been built that would serve as suburban homes of the wealthy retired merchant.



ONE DAY'S SHOOTING—FRONT PIAZZA, GOOSE LODGE, ROANOKE ISLAND.

Swan Island Club-house is situated on the north side of the sound. It is the oldest club in the section, having been in existence about seventy-five years. The club's territory is the most extensive on the sound, and consists of some three thousand acres of shoals, flats, points, islands, and sea-meadows—the last the resort in summer of countless flocks of bay birds, which remain unmolested, as none of the clubmen ever visit the section except for winter wild-fowl shooting.



LIVE-GEESE DECOYS, ROANOKE ISLAND, NORTH CAROLINA.

This club is very exclusive, and consists of eighteen members. The initiation fee, I am told, is $5000, and no stock has ever been offered.

The club-house is spacious and ample, every room having a stove, and each man a locker, boat, and guide. The location was once very fine, but the immediate neighborhood is becoming so thickly settled, the shooting has been impaired. There are no canvas-backs or red-heads killed in this resort, the water being too shallow, not averaging over thirty inches, but shovellers, widgeon, and spring-tail abound. The celery beds are very fine. To give some idea of the shooting here, a single incident will show. Owing to the open winter last season, only one member came down, and he staid one month and hunted regularly, killing during that period 900 ducks. This club is the only one on the sound that uses live-duck decoys. They are confined all the year round in a wire-enclosed cage some forty feet long by ten wide. It is built in the water, a shelter of natural reeds is on the shore side, and here the ducks sleep and rest during stormy weather. They are fed with corn every day, and are thoroughly trained. These ducks were bought in Germany, at a cost of $15 apiece. When used, they are anchored among the decoys, and close to the blind, and they call vociferously every time they hear the quack of a wild-duck. After much shooting, wild-fowl will avoid the decoys, but these live birds will bring them within gunshot every time.

With such a wide territory it is difficult to keep poachers or pot-hunters off the grounds; but the trespassers have but limited time to ply their lawless work. Vigilant keepers patrol the preserves night and day. Not only this, but on top of the club-house is a cupola, and in its centre a contrivance which holds a huge rifle that swings on a pivot. During the day a keeper frequently ascends to this high elevation, and sweeps the club's domains with a powerful field-glass, and if any parties are seen trespassing on the grounds, a warning is sent whizzing in his direction, and if the monitor is unheeded, the bullets are sent closer and closer, and, like Joe in *Bleak House*, the warned party concludes to "move on."

We next sailed for Pamunkey Island, named after the king of that Indian tribe who once lived on this place, and, we must confess, he had good taste, for a more beautiful spot cannot be conceived. The island consists of four acres, and rests alone and solitary in the midst of the sound, and was one mass of verdure. Tough old cedars, centuries old; knotty, gnarled spice-trees, loading the air with fragrance; grand old oaks that flourished in their prime before the foot of the white man ever trod upon the soil of this continent; fig-trees loaded with fruit; and trailing vines everywhere—made the place seem like a realization of the dream of Rasselas, or a fit spot for the resting-place of the lotus-eaters. What a home for the scholar who lives in his books! What a retreat for the disappointed statesman, who, disgusted with his experience, renounces the world, and lives on the memories of the past! What a place for any man who, tired of the "madding crowd," would find here, in the words of the poet,

"a lonely spot,
The world forgetting, and by the world forgot"!

This Pamunkey Club is certainly the most select association in the country, for it contains only four members. The initiation fee is $1800, and neither money nor influence could obtain a membership of the favored quartet who own the property. Three of them live in New York, and one in Boston. The club-house is almost hidden by the foliage, and is cozy and comfortable in winter.

ONE MORNING'S BAG—WILD-GEESE, ROANOKE ISLAND.

This is a favorite place for canvas-back. The best score was made several years ago, when two members killed, between sunrise and dark, 186 of those luscious birds.

The prospect for the year's shooting at this club is gloomy, as the high tides of the ocean overflowed this section of the sound, killing the long foxtail-grass, which fell on the wild-celery and smothered it. There is fine snipe-shooting here in the fall, though not a member has put in an appearance at the club during autumn for the last four years.

This club has many valuable privileges, that include Mary's Island, Raccoon Island, North Coon Island, and Hog-pen Island, averaging about four acres each in extent—all choice shooting-stands.

A few miles farther on towards the ocean is the Light-house Club, about a mile distant from Currituck Light-house. This club comprises twenty members, and has been in existence for sixteen years, with an initiation fee of $1000. The water is shallow around this club, and the wild-fowl shooting consists almost entirely of black duck, mallard, and red-heads.

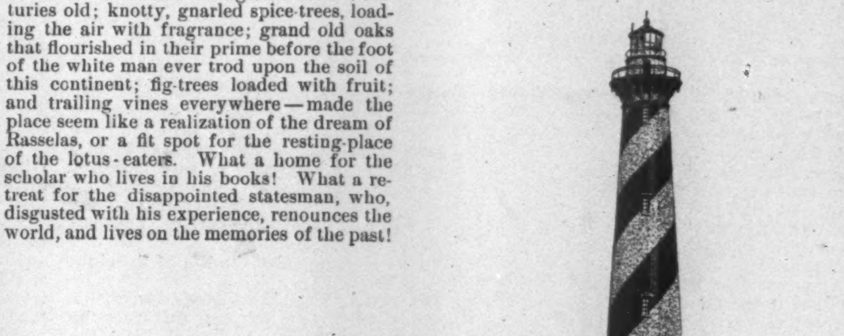
The club-house is a great barn-like structure, half hidden by huge mounds of sand, which have the good effect of sheltering it from the heavy northers. The interior of the house is most comfortable and homelike. All the members are middle-aged or over. A library, wine-room, bathing-tubs, and pantry filled with luxuries show that these Boston men care for good living. A huge volume rests upon the table in the sitting-room, and a daily record is kept by each individual sportsman, not only of the game killed, but of every little event worthy of chronicling. Glancing over its pages is interesting reading.

Last year four members put in an appearance, who remained two weeks and only bagged 160 ducks. The best record of this club was eighty red-head killed by a member. This place is famous for its wild-goose shooting, and many are killed.

One member wrote, under date of Sunday, December 8, 1889:

"'Sweet day, so calm, so fair, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,'

apropos of the bridal which took place in the parlor of the club-house to-day, between



CAPE HATTERAS LIGHT-HOUSE.

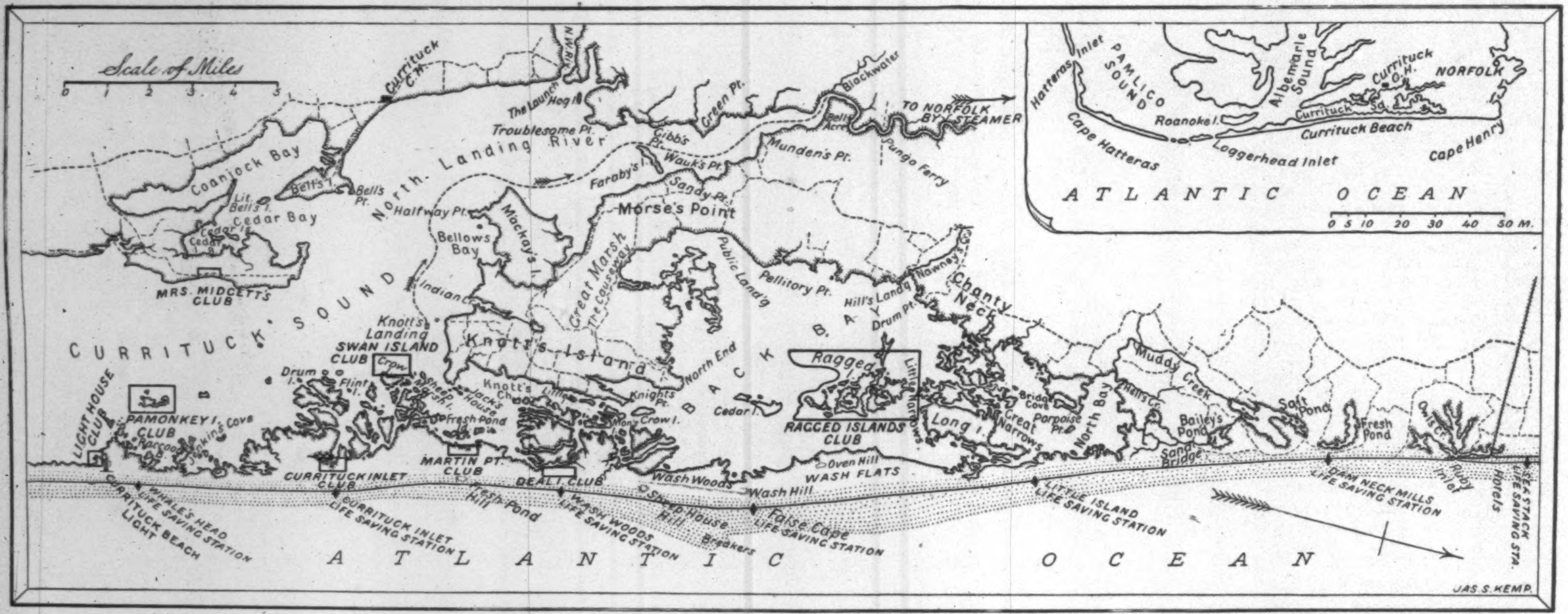
Nora Parker, our waitress, and William Partridge, to the 'manor born.' We treated the company to champagne, and the wedded pair sailed away in a skiff to their honeymoon."

This club's territory comprises about 1000 acres, and the poachers in sloops filled by unscrupulous, reckless men, with every appliance to kill water-fowl, make the keeper's life at the place a worry, plague, and mortification to him.

There have been several new clubs organized the past two or three years, that have swelled the number; and just here it can be said that the more clubs, the better protected the game will be, and the better the shooting. It is the illegal slaughtering of game and night-hunting that drive the fowls away.

The Currituck Inlet Club has only been established for the past four or five years. It is composed of natives and Norfolk men, with a membership of thirty. The duck-shooting is only fair, but the sea-meadows are choice grounds for swan and geese in the early spring. I have seen these meadows literally covered with the white Canada goose in flocks of ten to fifteen thousand. One member last February shot eleven swan and fifty-seven geese in four hours from a blind, using live decoys. The bay bird-shooting is very fine here all the summer. The membership fee is $300.

The Palmer Island Club is one of the oldest. It was founded before the war, and it costs a member more in initiation fees, monthly dues, and expenses, to belong to this club than any other. The shooting-grounds are considered equal to any on the sound. The quarters are commodious. The armory has probably the finest private collection of weapons in this country, if not in the world. It has the most expensive weapons for killing wild-fowl that can be made; this magazine of small-arms cost $30,000. More, indeed, than Hayes carried in his search for the north pole, or Stanley started with to fight his way through the Dark Continent.



Eight miles down the sound is the Long Island Club, whose territory used to be famous for its fine celery beds.

Martin Point, a new club, adjoins Currituck Inlet Club. Its shooting is mostly of the marsh kind, and mallard and black duck the usual varieties found. There is some fine sea-meadow, where swan and geese resort in the spring. The shares of this association are $500. There is no club-house built yet.

Deal Island is next to Martin Point, and has valuable marsh and water land. This club has just organized, with membership fees at $300. A club-house will be erected this fall.

The last club that has been formed is by far the best in all this region. It is known by the name of the Ragged Island Club, and it is doubtful if any spot this side of Alaska can show such profusion of water-fowl. This group of islands has been famed for over a century as the haunt of the canvas-back and red-head.

In the musty records of ancient Williamsburg, Virginia, there is a special grant of the Ragged Islands, of date of January 1, 1773, given by King George the Third to "Our trusty and well-beloved William Gooch, Esq., our Lieutenant-Governor and Commander and chief of the forces of our said Colony and Dominion at Williamsburg."

From that date until 1890, this territory remained in the family; but a divorce and lawsuit threw the property on the market, and it was bought by a syndicate of Norfolk sportsmen, who formed a shooting club, with Mr. A. C. Woodward, of Norfolk, Virginia, as president.

The membership fee is $1000. This property consists of a group of thirty-two islands, and several thousand acres of high land, marsh, and water, and is located in Currituck Sound and Back Bay, with the Atlantic Ocean one and a half miles to the east, Currituck Sound ten miles to the south, mainland of the country four miles to the west, and takes in Long and Little islands on the north. It is about fifteen miles from the noted watering-place of Virginia Beach. President Harrison was the guest of the club last week, and while there he was unanimously elected an honorary member for life.

The club-house, just erected on a picturesque island of six acres, is a handsome affair, containing over a dozen chambers, social hall, smoking, dining, wine, and gun rooms. The house is thoroughly heated with stoves and open wood fires in the rooms. There are bath-rooms, private lockers, and every convenience for the members. There is also telephonic and telegraphic communication with Virginia Beach and Norfolk. In short, it is more like a model modern hotel than a sporting club.

The water is deep, and wild celery very abundant, and the number of canvas-back and red-head that have been shot here every year is almost incredible. I am told that as many as 300 canvas-back have been killed here in one day by a single gun.

Not only this, but the meadows and sea-marshes abound with bay bird all the year round, and English snipe are plentiful in the late fall. In addition, the fishing by rod is very fine. Even to a sybaritic amateur of the gun, the place would be acceptable, but to a thorough sportsman it would be Elysium. Nor is this all. Otter and musk-rat abound, and afford good hunting and trapping; and this is the home of the diamond-back terrapin and luscious oysters. Indeed, a gourmand could pass his days here in perfect content.

A wise law of this county (Princess Anne) prevents the killing of wild-fowl in Back Bay three days out of the week, thus giving the birds a chance to rest and feed. In Currituck Sound, on the contrary, shooting is allowed every day in the week, and, as a consequence, wild-fowl are almost gunned to death.

Another sensible provision of the club is, neither the keeper, his assistants, nor guides are allowed to fire a gun on the club preserve.

Besides these clubs, there are many fine shooting-points owned by the natives, who entertain visiting sportsmen; and in the winter, when the ducks fly well, there is hardly a point, blind, or sink box that has not its occupant.

As a rule, only wealthy men, who do not count the cost, compose the clubs. "Those who dance must pay the fiddler," and those who shoot at Currituck pay a big price for the game they bag. Certainly, at a moderate computation, each duck that falls to their guns costs at the lowest $5, often five times that amount. The initiation fee of the members is from $1000 to $5000, with annual dues ranging from $250 to $400 a year. Each man has his own private locker at the club, containing a full assortment of decoys, guns of various calibre and make, clothing, rubber outfits, and also having his own particular guide and boat. The guide's pay is $60 a month and "found." All of the clubs have a head keeper, and, in some cases, assistants, who reside permanently in these quarters, protecting the property, and keeping intruders off the grounds. The custodian must be a man of the highest integrity. They are paid liberal salaries.

Like everything else, the life of the club-man is varied.

On a bright sunshiny winter's day, with a keen nor'wester blowing, is the time for the sportsman to distinguish himself. It is the business of the game-keeper to watch at intervals through the night to get a cast at the weather. Should the result prove favorable, the whole house is ablaze with lights at least an hour before day. Everybody is on the jump; the guides are preparing their respective boats for service by stowing in the decoys, guns, ammunition, and traps. The cook is rushing breakfast, the sportsman arraying himself in shooting-gear, and looking to the weapons. The hurried meal is soon disposed of, pipes are lit, and, by the light of a lantern, each gunner enters his boat.

It is cold, you may be sure, stepping from a hot room into an open boat, where the north wind strikes unbroken from its sweep across the ocean. Neither flannel, fur, nor fustian can keep out its icy breath, and the sportsman shivers from cap to boot. The sails are now spread, and away speed the boats to the different blinds—often careening so that the occupants have to sit on the edge of the gunwale to properly ballast the boat, which is flat-bottomed, and necessarily small. It is always desirable to reach the blind about a half-hour before dawn, so as to arrange the decoys, and be in position when the sun rises.

The blind consists of small cedar-trees, their lower trunk sharpened and driven in the mud, the depth of the water being from two and a half to five feet. A small boat is quite concealed when shoved in the blinds. These bushes are renewed every fall, and the ducks, by long habit, do not seem to mind them, even swimming inside of the empty blinds.

The decoys are kept in their places by a string underneath, to which is attached a lump of lead, and they breast the waves like things of life.

When the first gleam of the rising sun's beams shoot aslant the rippling tide, then the sport begins. The canvas-back, awakened from their sleep, dart by, looking for the best feeding-ground; the red-head, blue-wing, and mallard fly around the decoys, and if undisturbed, will settle contentedly down among their wooden prototypes. Now it is that the will and nerve of the sportsman are brought into play, and the occasion shows of what metal he is made. A flock of ducks advancing straight for the decoys make a formidable showing, especially if the water-fowl are flying just above the surface of the tide. Should the shooter become rattled in his excitement, and blaze away into their midst, his shot would likely be lost, as the breasts of the fowl are strongly protected with muscles and close compact feathers, and the wings are edgewise to him. It is impossible to convince an amateur that it is wiser to withhold his fire. He must learn by oft-repeated experience that it is wasting ammunition, and losing both ducks and his temper, to let drive into a "heading-in" flock. The proper way is to lie low in the blind, and to take them "on the turn," as the saying goes, meaning to wait until they reach the decoys, and, checking their speed, turn either to the right or to the left; now is the time to let them have it, for the wild-fowl are for the moment nearly stationary, with outstretched wings, and the vulnerable part of their body exposed. A couple of barrels pointed right cut a clean swath through the mass.

Sometimes a single duck darts by, with no intention of stopping, and now the individual behind the big end of the gun has a chance to prove whether or not he is a novice. An upland shooter will miss the fowl nine times out of ten, while a veteran duck-hunter will bag his game almost to a certainty. I have often witnessed the amazement of these mountain and valley sportsmen trying their guns for the first time at duck-shooting. They were fine shots in their section, killing partridge in a thick covert, bowling over the swift-flying pheasant, dropping a startled woodcock in his zigzag flight through the interlacing branches of a jungle or over the tops of trees; yet here they were burning powder and not touching a feather, and they are apt to blame the gun-loading, or attribute it to sheer nervousness.

The explanation is simple—they do not calculate or justly estimate the velocity of the duck's flight. No one can understand except by actual demonstration the great space the gun must be pitched in front of the flying object. A canvas-back, for instance, going with the wind at a speed of a hundred miles an hour, could only be struck with the sight thrown fully fifteen to eighteen feet in front of him. All tyros invariably shoot behind the darting water-fowl. A very good illustration of this fact is to watch the amateur fire at a string of passing ducks; he will aim at the front one, and is almost certain to tumble over an unfortunate who is bringing up the rear.

The guides certainly earn their "per diem." They have to row or wade out, pick up the dead ducks and secure the crippled, set the decoys, and often jump into the freezing water. Besides, they have to sit idle for hours, with no excitement of shooting to warm them up; and it is positive torture for some who are handy with the gun to sit and watch a bungler blazing away at canvas-back and red-head, only splashing the water with the shot. Some of the club-men allow their guides to carry a gun and to pick up their missed birds. These eastern North-Carolinians are born sportsmen. Expertness with the gun is, like their poverty, their heritage; and they, in the vernacular of the coast, "shoot to kill."

If the game is plentiful, the sportsman remains in the blind all day, and returns to the club-house after dark as tired as a dog and as hungry as a coyote. Now comes a glowing reward for the exposure and hardship he has suffered, such as nature always gives her children when they honestly earn it. A warm bath, an aromatic cocktail, then a game supper which would cause the light to come into the eye of a palled epicure or sated gourmand. Here is the home of the diamond-back terrapin, which dish, take it all in all, is the most luscious, when made into a stew, ever placed between the lips of man. At the head of the table is roast canvas-back, a royal bird that neither Europe nor Asia can match. The side dishes are winter bay birds or snipe on toast. Most of the clubs, as written before, have wine-cellars, and the fragrance and taste are multiplied to the wearied huntsmen, who quaff their champagne with a zest they never experienced in the city. Then the dreamy delight of a cigar, and a narrative of the day's hunt, and finally to bed, to sleep with that restful slumber which only follows severe physical exertion.

This is the bright side of the sportsman's life; of course there is a reverse one, and it comes in long spells of unseasonable, warm, calm weather, when the ducks will not decoy, and the shooter soon tires of the monotonous scenery. Especially dreary are the days when a long rainy period sets in, that effectually stops all shooting, and keeps every one within doors.

This enforced idleness may be very pleasant at first, and suit some of the club-men to a dot.

But it is an open winter that breaks the club-man up. The warm days succeed each other in monotonous succession, and the shooter does not even take the trouble to visit the blinds; waiting becomes a bore, and lounging a plague. A summer calm broods over the sea and sound, and the men dawdle about in their shirt sleeves.

In the fall and winter of 1890 there was no cold weather, and the shooting was an utter and complete failure to all. Many of the sportsmen, disgusted, left for their homes before Christmas, others remained in the hope of a change of weather until the middle of January, then the most sanguine gave up, and left the club-houses to their solitude.

In the latter part of February the bulk of the canvas-back and red-head has either been shot or driven off, and then wild-geese make their appearance; but few of the club-men wait for them, though many of the clubs keep live wild-geese decoys. These birds are trained to the work, and are anchored by a string tied to their legs, with a heavy stone on the other end. They are placed in a straight line from the shooter, that he may tell at a glance the location of the wild water-fowl. Notwithstanding these precautions, the decoys are often shot by nervous sportsmen. Then, again, the tame geese sometimes drag their anchors and get out of line, and run

the risk of being killed. It is astonishing how much sense these birds have; they understand thoroughly the work cut out for them, and revel in it. They keep quiet when nothing is stirring, but the moment a flock of wild-geese is perceived, they raise their voices in an incessant call, and take a devilish delight in luring their brethren to destruction.

It may well be asked, what is the size of the bags made by the club-men? It is to be expected that they would have splendid shooting to repay them for the large amount spent for house, equipment, and privileges. In answer, first, the size of bag depends upon who is handling the gun. A moderate shot in a good season can average about seventy-five ducks a week, or about twenty-five a day. Nearly all the club-men would be satisfied with that record.

The finest bag I ever heard of being made by an amateur was by a member of the Palmer Island Club, who, some five or six years ago, killed in one day 260 canvas-back. Had the sportsman been shooting for the market, he would have made a good day's work of it, for his 130 pairs of canvas-back would have brought at least $500. Mr. C. C. White, keeper of the Norfolk Currituck Club, killed 112 canvas-back in a day, and with an antiquated muzzle-loader at that.

The record of crack shooting and big bags excites the interest of all sportsmen, and *vice versa*. All who handle the gun keep an account of their successes. But where is the huntsman who keeps a memoranda of his failures?

I chanced one night at the sound to meet a gathering of club-house attachés, and listened with pleasure to the narrations of the incidents respecting their clubs. After hearing of fancy shooting until it became monotonous, I asked them to give me an account of some of the worst shots they ever came across. This request provoked a good deal of laughter and chaffing, and one guide said he could sit up all night and not get through telling of all the bad shots he had run against.

"I remember," he continued, "a bad shot, a worse one couldn't be found. A member of our club brought him along. He was studying for a preacher, and his health had given out. He was poor and puny, narrow-chested, stooped-shouldered, with a sharp nose, and the biggest pair of spectacles resting on it I ever laid my eyes on. This young man thought he knew everything, and more than anybody else. He actually loaded his own shells, and the next morning, when we were all standing in the room, he slipped in a couple of them shells that the caps had only been forced about half way, leaving the edge above the butt of the shell, and, in consequence, when he closed the gun with a jerk its cap of course exploded, and the charge tore a hole as big as my fist in the top flooring, and passed through a bed where one of the guardsmen was lying, striking within an inch of his head. It certainly was a wonder he did not kill somebody. It scattered the crowd anyway.

"I was the guide that was chosen to carry him to the blinds, and I tied the gun to the boat so that he could not make cold meat of me when I was poling with my back to him. After the decoys were set, I shoved the boat in the blinds, and placed the preacher in the bow with his face p'inted outward, and told him to be careful not to fire until the ducks was right over the decoys. Pretty soon a string of mallards turned the point about a quarter of a mile away, and no sooner did he clap eyes on them, than dang my buttons if he did not throw up his gun and let drive. Of course the shot didn't even reach them. The birds were flying right smart that day, and if I had been behind that gun I could have got fifty as easy as falling off a log; but that air preacher, he'd pull trigger at a flock a mile and a half in the air. It warn't no use to tell him anything, he just let fly at every critter he saw—ducks, geese, coots, loons, swamp-hens—all was the same to him; he was bent on killing everything that flew in old Currituck."

"How many did he get, after all?" one inquired.

"Wall, you see, he shot into a thundering all-fired flock, and he couldn't miss if he had tried, and he brung down two. Towards evening, though, he did the trick. A string of ducks was flying over the boat; he up with the gun, and it went off unexpected, as them hammerless guns are apt to do, and the butt kicked him a stunning blow on the nose, almost mashing it flat; but doggone my buttons if the gun wasn't p'inted right, and he knocks three over by accident! But he had enough of sport. He nursed his nose all the evening, and put out for home the next day."

The most sportsmanlike method to kill ducks is, of course, over the decoys; and the question of the weight, calibre, and character of the gun is of supreme importance. In the first place, the man who buys a costly gun should be as carefully fitted as when choosing a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes. By all means, have a reputable dealer measure you, and make a gun to order.

Ready-made guns are like ready-made clothes—they are cut on general principles, they may fit and they may not. A person with a short neck wants a straight breech; a person with a long neck, a bent stock. A gun should come up to the shoulder so perfectly adjusted that the eye can range along the barrel without twisting or bending the head.

The expert gunners in Currituck do not believe in large guns for duck-shooting. A No. 10 is the best size, provided it has plenty of metal at the breech. A light-breeched gun, with the heavy duck charges, will, with continuous firing, so hammer the shoulder and face as to sometimes unfit a sportsman for shooting for days. It is an axiom among gunners that "the heavier the breech the lighter the recoil."

In duck-shooting, many amateurs make the mistake of using too large shot. The bigger the pellets, they argue, the more deadly their work. That is true if the shot were in numbers the same; but the large size scatter, and the smaller clump together, and are doubly effective. At the beginning of the season when the duck are young and tame, No. 6 is effective; but later on, No. 4 is the standard. In a driving wind, No. 3 is the size.

The rules and regulations of the different clubs, while they differ in detail, agree in all the main points. Among the latter are the following:

"No person who follows shooting or fishing for market or hire shall be admitted as a member of the Association, nor shall any shooting or fishing for market or hire on the part of members or guests be permitted."

"Each member shall be entitled to take one guest or person to the grounds of the Association, which guest shall be entitled to all the privileges. No invitation shall be extended unless the member accompanies his guest, and no guest shall be allowed to remain longer at the club than the member extending the invitation."

"No member or guest shall give any money or gratuity to any employé of the Association."

"No gun shall be fired on property of the Association on Sunday between the rising and setting of the sun, and no loaded gun shall be carried inside the club building."

YOUTH AND DOUBT.

When Youth went forth upon his pilgrimage,
A figure followed clad in sober gray;
Youth thought his sad companion was a sage,
And listened to his counsels by the way.

Youth sought a True Ideal—he did not know
That Doubt was with him in this strange disguise—
Youth was delighted with the world's bright show;
His comrade saw all things with other eyes.

In woodland shrines, far from the city's din,
Youth entered oft, hoping the True was near;
But with him Doubt likewise would enter in,
And whisper words of trouble in his ear.

As side by side they travelled on one day,
A mighty temple by the road was met;
The stones reflected each the sun's bright ray,
The sky seemed resting on the minaret.

Doubt turned away; the Youth passed through the gate;
He read in golden letters o'er the door,
Who enters is at peace with Love and Fate;
Who enters here will leave these gates no more.

Youth understood, and then he looked around;
His comrade came not near the perfect spot.
The True Ideal of Youth at last was found,
And where Perfection was, Doubt entered not.

Flavel Scott Mines.

HOW THE TRAMP TRAVELS.

BY J. N. HALL, M.D.

I have for years been thrown into professional relations with tramps and vagrants of various descriptions, and have been interested in gathering from them details of their manner of travelling and living. As a class, they seem to be willing to give all the information asked for, and, in fact, rather take pride in telling of their experiences.

We ordinarily speak of the tramp as if walking were his favorite method of travel. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The typical tramp never walks if he can steal a ride. If he did, he would not be recognized by the members of his guild. He prefers, above all things, a chance to travel by what he facetiously terms a "side-door Pullman," or what we should call a box-car. If in the dark hours before the departure of a freight train he can smuggle himself into such a car in the railroad yard, he is happy. He feels then reasonably sure of a ride for a division, generally about 100 to 150 miles here in the West. This means a very considerable lift on his journey, when we consider that otherwise he may have to walk it. To be sure, he is subject to certain annoyances, such as being put off on discovery, and going without food for two or three days, but these little inconveniences are slight matters, when the alternative is a foot-journey over dusty roads or through snow and cold for many a weary day.

If he is in a hurry to make some particular point, he endeavors to get between the express car and the tender, or between two mail-cars, that he may have the benefit of the faster time made on trains drawing such cars. If unable to secure one of these places, he will content himself with a seat on one of the brake-beams, and ride just as rapidly, although with a much greater degree of discomfort and danger than he would incur elsewhere. The terrible noise, the dust, and the draught in combination must be exceedingly disagreeable to any one possessing the remotest trace of a nervous system, but the tramp seems to flourish in such surroundings. Occasionally one is able to ride on the rear platform of a passenger coach, owing to the negligence of the train hands, but this position is as high as he ordinarily seeks. Sometimes, indeed, a Crœsus among the class prevails upon a passenger brakeman to overlook him by the use of a limited amount of money, but this must be comparatively rare.

If content to do his travelling in a slower way, and, on the whole, a more certain one, he rather prefers the freight train. There are infinitely more places to hide away from the sharp eyes of the brakeman, the evil genius of the tramp. If he does not find an opportunity to secrete himself in an empty box-car, he looks for some loaded car with a loose door, or otherwise capable of being easily entered. Even an open car will do at times, if nothing better offers. I recently saw a tramp who rode 300 miles inside of a richly upholstered hearse as it stood upon a flat car, lying down at full length as comfortably as if in a sleeper. If the yard-master's eyes are too sharp for such tactics as these, he must trust to getting on after the train has started, with the certainty of being put off, unless able to hide himself before discovery by the train hands. For the accomplishment of this purpose, he first learns where the stops are after the trains leave the station. The places where they slow up or stop for crossings of various kinds are favorite points for getting on, and a dozen tramps often gather at such places for particular through trains. Reaching one of the crossings before the train is due, the tramp stands ready to grasp the iron handles by which the train-men climb on to the cars, or, provided the brakemen are too vigilant for this, seats himself on one of the brake-beams, where he cannot be seen from the cars. At the next stop he tries to find a better place. If forced to get off at some inconvenient point, he often, before the train starts again, climbs in on the four iron rods which run lengthwise under the car, and serve as trusses to support the centre. Lying extended across these, he may ride for twenty or thirty miles, if necessary, until an opportunity offers of getting a better place. The train-men are unable to see a man in this position, even when on the ground, without stooping down, and not having seen him for two or three stations, think the tramp out of the way. Hence they do not look so sharply for him, and he is able eventually to find a place in some empty car without being constantly under the surveillance of unfriendly eyes.

Occasionally one of the men who go with cars of cattle or other stock to feed and water them allows a tramp to ride in the stock car, where sacks of feed, bedding, or household goods occupy one end, and make it safe to do so. The attendant rides in the caboose, and receives the assistance of the tramp in loading, unloading, feeding, and watering the stock. One recently told me of riding 400 miles in this way with a car-load of mules, safely lying on a mattress that was placed on a box at one end of the car. In a score of other ways some space large enough to hold a man is discovered and utilized by the tramp.

One of the greatest drawbacks to these methods of travelling, it has always seemed to me, is the uncertainty of the food supply. Fasts of two or three days are scarcely thought worth mentioning by a full-fledged tramp. I saw one recently who gave a brakeman a dollar and a quarter for secreting him with his companion in a car of loose wheat, the door having become loosened sufficiently to permit them, with a little assistance, to crawl inside. They were, for this sum, to be allowed to travel over one division of the Texas and Gulf Railway, about 155 miles long. When it became light enough to see the next morning, they found that the train had a yellow caboose instead of a red one as at the time of departure, and consequently knew that they had reached the end of one division and started on another. But neither cared for this, for they were bound for Fort Worth. They remained in the car until it arrived in the yards at that place, travelling somewhat over 500 miles in a little more than two days. They finally escaped from their cramped quarters by pounding on the door until they attracted the attention of one of the yardmen, by whose assistance they crawled out. They had taken no food or water with them, and had drunk nothing while in the car. They had, however, eaten a little of the wheat, and the one I saw stated that they suffered but little from hunger or thirst. When during the nights it had become too cold for comfort, they had covered themselves up with the loose grain, and had thus slept a large part of the way. These two young men had left a ranch where they had worked during the summer, and were travelling for the sake of seeing the country. From many other members of the class I have received the impression that their object was about the same as with these two. It is mysterious to me how men will leave good places, even if the pay is small, to put up with such inconveniences, not to say hardships, for the sake of seeing a little more of the country.

But the tramp does not always go so long without food as in the instance just quoted. Many a package of goods that some merchant finds short has been rifled by a tramp who was able to effect entrance to a car as did the two mentioned. Then many of them have money enough to buy food at the section houses which they pass on the road, if they do not succeed in getting it in any less expensive way. At the time of the year when most of the tramping is done the fields adjacent to the highway furnish many a meal also. Then a great deal of petty pilfering is done by men of this class, and in this way the larder is occasionally refreshed. Many a one have I seen carrying a tomato can, with a string or a wire attached, in which he stored what he wished to carry of food or drink.

Along any of the great through lines in the West, where I have chiefly observed them, one may see at almost any time about daybreak a group of these characters laying their plans for the day; if in cold weather, they are huddled together over the little fire

HAD BEEN THERE.

Bunko Pete. "Why, Squire Jiggers, of Wayback Corners, is it possible that you don't recognize your old friend Tom White?"

Squire Jiggers. "W-a-a-l, yes, Tom, I recognize ye. Met ye last time I was in town, but b'gosh I guess I don't want to see ye draw the $10,000 capital prize this time."

A CUBAN TOBACCO-PLANTER IN HIS VOLANTE.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

they have built from the waste wood along the track. They are deciding upon the best course to pursue to secure a morning meal. Shortly they separate, and each takes his own direction in search of food, all gathering later in the day to continue the journey. Of late years they almost always ask for something to do in payment for a meal. They seem to realize that the simple request for food is much more likely to be met with a refusal than a request for work to be paid for with a meal. Many a person constitutionally opposed to feeding men of this class—and I am one of them—dislikes exceedingly to see a man able and willing to work going hungry, and especially in a land of abundance. And yet I think there can be no doubt that more harm has been done by indiscriminate feeding than by refusing food, for it has certainly encouraged the industry, if we may use the term.

I have never been able to satisfy myself that there existed any freemasonry among the fraternity, as so many imagine, by which they are able to tell by signs what houses are likely to furnish them food and what ones they may as well avoid. As to the towns which have strict regulations as to the imprisonment of vagrants, the case is different. Such towns obtain a wide notoriety among them, and are carefully avoided.

Much ingenuity and knowledge of human nature are often displayed by the tramp in his efforts to obtain food. I presume all railway surgeons in the smaller towns and cities have experiences similar to my own. I occasionally see some one of the class who seeks my services gratis, ostensibly for illness, but apparently, to me at least, for the purpose of mentioning, at an appropriate time, that he thinks his trouble is almost wholly due to the fact that he has had no food for two, three, or more days, according to circumstances. If he has any illness worthy the name, the ruse succeeds; for I cannot send a sick man away hungry, if I am being mildly imposed upon. As I stepped out of the door one morning last winter, a man clothed about as are the men who work upon the track of the railways accosted me with a cordial "Good-morning, doctor." These section men, being very numerous, furnish a large proportion of the cases of illness among railway employés, and hence are seen constantly by the company surgeons. Supposing him to be one of these men who knew me, but whom I failed to recognize, I responded with a "What can I do for you?" sort of an air, when the tramp, for such he was, produced a tomato-can from behind his back, and asked, with a smile, "if I couldn't get him a little coffee." I capitulated at once, for I do not believe such talent should go unrewarded, and took him around to the kitchen door to obtain his refreshment.

Although food is the main thing necessary for the tramp's welfare, he occasionally asks for some cast-off clothing. As the weather becomes colder, it is noticeable that these vagrants work off to the South. Hunger and thirst are more easily provided against than cold, and so they move away from the northerly States. And yet there must be a vast amount of suffering among them from this cause.

At times they want things not ordinarily in the line of articles desired by a tramp. One asked me one day for a blacking-brush and some blacking, and another for a hat different from the one he wore, for the weather had grown warmer, and that one was rather out of style. The hotels and boarding-houses where considerable help is employed are great sources of food and raiment to the tramp, many a good meal being obtained for splitting a little wood for some kitchen-boy as lazy as he is dishonest, or for similar service for which the employés are paid.

In the great army of tramps one may find representatives of every social grade. We should not for an instant imagine that they are all ignorant or depraved. They are not all even of the masculine gender, for I have known of a few women travelling in this way; the proportion of them must be almost infinitesimal, however. I have an impression that of the tramps of some education, more actors are seen than of any other calling. Thus the comic papers have a foundation in fact for their jokes on these men, as they generally do, I suppose, in other matters. Next to the followers of the stage, I should place the printers and the musicians. But many men who have been qualified to occupy places of influence in life are found in the ranks of these unfortunates. I recently gave some discarded clothing to a young man who had sold his under-clothing for food, although otherwise as well dressed as the average business man. During the temporary illness of this tramp, I learned from his talk that he had an education equal to that of the ordinary college graduate. He played upon the piano in the house where he was being cared for, during his convalescence, many difficult pieces of classical music from memory with a really brilliant execution, and sang with a fine tenor voice. I could not help thinking how out of place he seemed, associated, as he was, with the ignorant, the vulgar, and the criminal classes. Indeed, tramping makes strange companions. Quite a proportion of tramps must be ex-convicts and men of like ilk. Many crimes are committed by them. Upon my own sections of railway two murders have been committed by tramps for purposes of robbery, in one case for a sum of money known by the murderer not to exceed thirty dollars. A great number of crimes of less degree are chargeable to these characters annually.

Because of their migratory habits many tramps are able to describe minutely the leading streets, buildings, and railways of cities in all portions of the country. It seems as if a few months of the life permanently unfits a considerable part of these men for any regular work, and they drift about from State to State for years, with but short intervals of labor. The hospitals and workhouses are filled to their utmost capacity in the winter season by the decrepit ones of this class.

The tramp takes many chances of accident in his mode of travelling. He is subject not only to the ordinary risks which all passengers assume, but, from the class of trains on which he generally rides, the places he takes on the cars, and his poor opportunities of entering and leaving them in safety, to others which the regular passenger escapes. A great number are annually killed while riding between the express and mail cars or on the brake beams. In event of a collision, they have infinitely less chance than the passengers in the coaches of escaping unharmed. In mounting moving cars many of them are killed. I recently saw one with his upper-arm bone broken, the accident having occurred while in the act of climbing into a moving box-car. Another, in showing some boys how proficient he was in seating himself on the brake beam after the train had started, put his foot under the wheel, and, as a result, lost his leg above the knee. Every railway surgeon sees similar accidents with greater or less frequency.

One should not fall into the popular error of thinking that all tramps are professional "bummers." I think that perhaps a majority of those whom I see are men who are going to some other point in search of work. Many of these are employed by farmers and ranchmen living in the vicinity of the railroads at such times of the year as they need assistance, and several employers have told me that they were generally very good help. I have repeatedly known of tramps seeking work who had worthless time-checks in their pockets from previous dishonest employers. It would be doing a very grave injustice to these men to class them with ordinary vagrants. But a large proportion never do any work when it may by any possibility be avoided.

The aggregate number of tramps in the country must be enormous. I have repeatedly seen them in gangs of from six to fifteen, and those of two or three are met with continually. At remote points on railroads, freight trains have been repeatedly captured by organized gangs of these men, and the train-men forced to accommodate the members as the leader directed. It is a sad commentary on our economical system that the number seems to be constantly increasing.

There are certain things that we may learn from the tramp, and one in particular that would be valuable to us all. The Americans are, I presume, the most impatient of any race of people. But the American tramp is a second Job. If he does not succeed in stealing a ride on the train on which he has fondly calculated for two days, he does the most philosophical thing there is for him to do—that is, he waits a day or two more. If he does not get anything to eat to-day, he hopes for better luck to-morrow. If the impatient conductor of his particular train orders him off, he occasionally gets a little provoked, but much more commonly he says something to the effect that "he guesses he can if he has to," and acts accordingly. In all these things and a thousand others, he shows a development of patience and fortitude we all might do well to emulate.

A BIT OF CUBAN LIFE.

THE vehicles originally in use in Cuba were built not so much for display as for easy riding. To-day fashion has cast its blight over the sunny little island, and Havana can boast of carriages and carts that would not be out of place anywhere in the civilized world. If people would only realize the fact, it would be much more delightful for them to retain all their old-fashioned customs, and to repel all innovations of fashion. But the sad truth cannot be denied; and as soon as picturesque folks find out that the world is opposed to anything that is at all out of the common, they immediately discard all artistic effect, and don commonplace clothing, and stake out a railroad. These people may be excused on the ground that primitive customs lack comfort, and that a Pullman car is to be preferred to a rattle-trap stage-coach, but they never reflect that a tourist is willing to undergo discomfort for the sake of new experience and art.

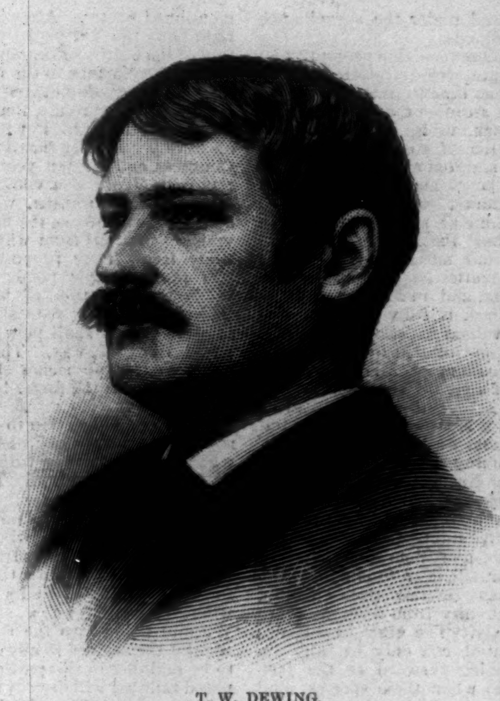
For this reason, perhaps, we ought to be thankful to the Cuban planter for retaining a bit of the old life of the island, but it can hardly be said to be disinterested kindness on his part; he probably went in, as everybody else does, for personal comfort. Nevertheless, the fact remains that he still adds to the pleasure of the traveller by using the old-fashioned volante. The volante used by the planter is the original vehicle of Cuba; there is a later pattern now in more general use, together with other vehicles indigenous to the island. These later styles are more modern in construction, and not so striking in appearance. The old volante is a two-wheeled affair, with a body something like an old-time buggy. The wheels are enormous, reaching nearly to the top of the vehicle, and stand out some distance on either side. The body rests upon several long springs, and from either side the shafts or the supports of the pole run out. There are single-horse volantes, but even in that case there is an outrider, and the occupant of the vehicle has nothing to do but look happy. The outrider is called *el calesero*, and in swell equipages he was wont to be attired in a red livery, garnished with gold lace, having a high hat, and boots that nearly reached his waist. The modern planter retains the curious boots, at any rate, while he shows more regard for the complexion of his servant.

A volante is essential to the well-being of a planter. The vast sugar plantations measure all the way from five hundred to ten thousand acres, and if the owner is a man of sense, he wants to personally oversee things, and for this purpose some rapid means of locomotion are necessary. Whatever the roads may be, if they are only wide enough, three horses can get over the ground at a fair pace, and with such means the estate can be quickly canvassed. The people of warm latitudes are particularly fond of their personal comfort, and a volante seems to be designed to fill that want. Fashion hoists upon us a high-seated, springless cart, but comfort is essentially selfish, and for ten months in a year the general run of people would prefer the latter, and yet they seem to follow fashion in a blind sort of way without regard for self. Civilization does much for personal ease, but fashion, for some reason or other, acts just the other way, and people often confound the two, as when they cast off the picturesque for the latter's sake.

THE CEILING OF A CAFÉ.

As one sits in the café on the Broadway side of the Hotel Imperial, enjoying the warm tones of the panelling on the walls, the eyes catch a lighter note of yellow on the ceiling, about the shade of an ostrich's egg, and then become aware of a gilt circle in the centre, which forms a raised decorated round like the frame of a picture. It does contain a picture; but the situation above one's head, and something else of which I will speak presently, are apt to prevent any special effort on the part of a breakfaster to examine more. He continues his meal with a vague impression that there are some very nice colors in that round and perhaps some agreeable figures.

But after breakfast he leans back and stares up at the composition, which is given here as well as black and white can render it. The illustration is able to transmit the soft outlines of the figures and the disposition of draperies, limbs, and heads; it also suggests the unobtrusive character of the picture, so unlike the paintings on ceilings as they are usually wrought by the decorator. But it does not give the delicate colors of the original. Thus the reader must imagine the left-hand figure, which is that of Night, robed in a voluminous soft mass of ashes-of-violet, the figure of Dawn in her lap with draperies of a charming greenish-blue, and the figure of Aurora on the right dressed in a shade of red. After the masses of colors are seen, details begin to appear. Robes and faces are painted in masses, not drawn sharply, and yet they are carefully and well modelled. The feet of Dawn and Aurora are concealed; those of Night are, indeed, uncovered, but the painter has taken the license of coloring them so nearly the same as the draperies that only on a longer examination are they detected as parts of the figure. In this way he has avoided those unattractive limb foreshortenings which the old painters used to excess in the exuberance of their joy at having mastered certain difficulties of drawing. By this time the breakfaster may be invaded by a mild surprise to find that a hotel in New York could harbor a decoration which is not merely unstaring and unpretentious, but discreet in coloring and—*mirabile dictu!*—poetic in conception.



T. W. DEWING.

If he knows his Emerson, the lines may occur to him which were sung in the town-hall in Concord on the Glorious Fourth, 1857:

> "O tenderly the haughty day
> Fills his blue urn with fire;
> One morn is in the mighty heaven
> And one is our desire."

The chances are, however, that he scarcely knows that Emerson was a poet. The painter of this ceiling does, and it was with that verse running through his head that he composed his cartoon. Dawn, in the lap of Night, holds the morning star like a small flambeau, as if she were the mischievous girl who performs the trick of lighting a gas jet with the electricity that she will cause under certain circumstances to dart from her finger. She rests her outstretched left hand on the crescent moon, which has turned thin and white at the instant, and seems to bid Aurora announce the coming of day. The round canvas, in fact, suggests that "blue urn" swimming with fleecy clouds which haughty day is about to fill with fire.

Something should be said of the less obvious points of the painting before we speak of the artist. It is remarkable for its sweet, sensuous coloring, and this coloring is exactly in keeping with the sensuous lines and poses of the two figures more prominent than the dark shape of Night. The face of Dawn is very tender and lovely; that of Aurora, by no means uncomely. Night is a somewhat older woman, whose hair, like her bared feet, is affected by the dominant note of her draperies. There is individuality in faces, figures, and poses, and no little originality in the conception; but the latter does not strike one for some time. The fact that it is original only comes as a later and a pleasant realization. Perhaps the figures form a group a trifle too small for the canvas, or, rather, the round in the ceiling may be a trifle too large for the size of the room and the group. But other-

wise there is little to be said for it that is not praise.

The picture is by Thomas W. Dewing, of Boston, at one time a pupil of Lefebvre and Boulanger in Paris. On his return from France he opened a studio in Boston, where he found a number of patrons ready to greet a talent which already showed itself capable of producing pictures not entirely due to the teachings of Paris. In 1878 he was groping to express himself in wall decoration as opposed to easel-work—witness "The South Wind" of that year, a figure floating in the air and plucking the bright yellow flowers of that noblest of weeds, the mullein. The background is treated in gold. The same year saw his appearance in New York at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists with "The Musician." Finding the atmosphere of our city more alive in matters of the arts, he soon settled here and joined the Society; it was much later that the National Academy, overcoming its aversion to a band of young painters who criticised severely its methods and principles, yielded to the inevitable and admitted Mr. Dewing about the same time that it accepted a number of his fellow-scoffers as Associates or Academicians.

Mr. Dewing not only settled in New York, but married, and, as luck would have it, obtained a partner who is herself a trained artist of no small skill and a lively imagination. He has therefore at his side a critic who can appreciate all that is best in his work and from a technical point. Portraits and teaching at the Art Students' League have gone hand in hand with work on easel pictures of a symbolical, religious, or fanciful sort, and with mural decorations. "The Lady in Yellow" was bought by Mrs. John L. Gardner, of Boston, a noted connoisseur; "The Prelude," two graceful women with harps and a background of roses, was purchased by Mr. Barney; the portrait of Mrs. Stanford White has been exhibited several times owing to its delightful qualities. Some years ago the Society of American Artists showed his "Tobias and the Angel."

At the National Academy he has taken the Thomas B. Clarke Prize, and at Chicago the prize given by the Art Institute. For his exhibit at the International of Paris in 1889 he received the silver medal. As to mural decorations, the most noted previous to the ceiling here illustrated are the female figures and dogwood blossoms for a reception-room at Mamaroneck, New York, in the house of Mr. Charles Osborne, and the frieze of Cupids and garlands at Baltimore, in the ballroom of the Robert Garrett residence. These paintings are enough to show his capacity; but their success is not sensational, and the taste for them does not grow as rapidly as might be expected, in view of the spread of the fashion for superior decorative work among the well-to-do. Mr. Dewing's large work is hardly adapted for exhibitions as they are still conducted in New York, nor are his easel pictures usually such as the public and critics rave about. One man thinks his color too sweet; another finds his slender maidens affected as they sport majestically on the lawn; a third may object that there is too pronounced a feminine element in his style. For one reason or another his pictures fail of their proper effect at a show, and seem to need exhibiting by themselves.

Therefore it is that he allows a very small proportion of his work to be seen at the current exhibitions, so that art-lovers are apt to be in ignorance of many of his very best creations. An example in point is a canvas never shown except in a gallery rarely visited by picture-lovers in general, and soon sold. It is a quartering view of a young woman at the piano, and is one of the most firmly and yet broadly painted of his pictures, and one in which the union of color sense and mastery of brush-work, together with good drawing, has proceeded to its farthest term. It is a pity that more citizens do not appreciate the chance of obtaining mural decorations from artists like Dewing, who, having attained great skill on the technical side, prove themselves men with ideas. The ceiling in the Hotel Imperial may do something to further the employment of highly trained artists on work which is now turned over to mechanical workmen, who might as well use the stencil, so devoid are their decorations of walls and ceilings of all depth, or indeed of ordinary cleverness.

CHARLES DE KAY.

LEGALIZED VANDALISM.

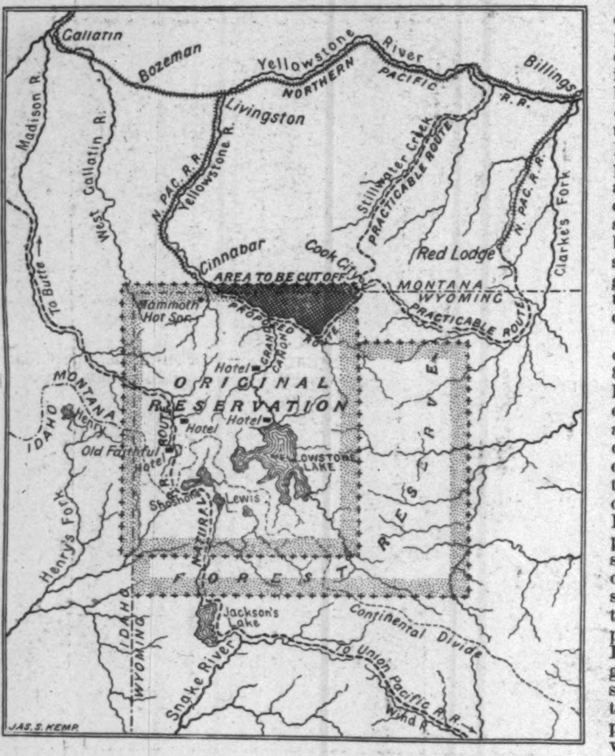
It is now twenty years since the Yellowstone National Park came into existence. The act of Congress creating it, signed March 1, 1872, declared it to be "dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasuring-ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." The cause of this important action, unprecedented in national history, was the discovery, only a few years before, of those remarkable geological conditions which do not prevail to an equal extent elsewhere on the globe.

But scarcely had this discovery been announced to the world when the inveterate vandal proceeded to his favorite pastime of destruction throughout this entire region. Wagon-loads of specimens were chipped off from the exquisite formation about "Old Faithful," and other geysers, and were carried off for sale. It became immediately necessary, if these wonders were to be preserved from total ruin, that the entire country in their vicinity be withdrawn from settlement, and placed under the surveillance of government officials.

Congress, with commendable promptitude, passed the measure already referred to. It has since then from time to time added such legislation as was required for the better government of the park, and for its improvement in the construction of roads and bridges. Only a year ago it added an immense mountain tract on the south and east in the form of a "Forest Reserve," which is subject to the same conditions as, and is practically a part of, the National Park.

The original and subsequent action of Congress in this matter has received universal commendation, and to-day the Yellowstone National Park is fully recognized as one of our most valued national institutions. Its usefulness is not limited to the purpose of its original creation. While it furnishes the traveller with a greater catalogue of natural wonders in a limited area than can be found elsewhere, it is an interesting and important region from quite other considerations. It is becoming the great natural zoological garden for North America—the final refuge for the primeval fauna of this continent, elsewhere becoming extinct. That once multitudinous inhabitant of the plains, the American buffalo, now flourishes alone in this region. Bear, elk, deer, mountain sheep and lions, and many inferior species, having learned their immunity from danger, are increasing constantly. The great importance of this consideration can only be fully appreciated by looking forward to the fast-approaching time when these species shall have totally disappeared from the rest of the country.

The park is certain to become also an important place for rest and recuperation. Its pure mountain air, its cool nights, its beautiful and diverting scenery, its objects of never-ending interest, all combine to make it unsurpassed as a resort for seekers of health or rest.



From whatever point of view considered, the National Park is a success, even beyond the most sanguine expectations of those instrumental in its creation. Every motive exists carefully to foster it—to preserve in this region a condition of things which in one or in five centuries shall be practically unchanged.

Such being the case, it is a matter of profound concern that agencies are now at work which, if not checked, will lead to the destruction of the park, at least as to its most important purposes. In its incipient phase this danger may be briefly described.

On the extreme northeast border of the original reservation exist mineral deposits of indifferent value. That they are not of *great* value is conclusively proven by the fact that with a railroad less than one hundred miles distant, and two practicable lines of approach outside the limits of the park, it has never been found expedient to build a branch line to this region. But there is a constant and persistent effort to secure a right of way by a third approach lying almost entirely within the park. It is freely conceded that of these three routes the one through the park involves the least expense of construction and operation. But the other lines involve no very great engineering difficulties—none which have not been surmounted in scores of instances in Colorado and Montana mining regions. The difference in favor of the park route is slight, certainly not great enough to justify the permanent mutilation of the park in order to secure it. It must also be noted that in adding the forest reserve already alluded to, Congress withheld a large tract along Clarke's Fork, presumably for the very purpose of leaving free access along one of the above-mentioned routes. Already a line has been built from the Northern Pacific in the direction of the Clarke's Fork approach, and nearly half the distance to the mines.

Every reasonable excuse for demanding a right of way through the park has therefore been removed. For ten years individuals have persistently thrust this demand upon Congress, and for ten years they have been repulsed. They now come forward with an alternative proposition, which is not only equally pernicious as the first, but which involves objections from which the first is entirely free. They propose—and a bill for this purpose now pends in Congress—to evade the objection of having a railroad *within* the park, by re-establishing the boundary so that it shall pass south of the proposed right of way. This is surely very much as if a physician should propose to cure a felon on the finger by amputating the patient's arm.

There is no objection to granting a simple right of way for a railroad within the park which does not apply with tenfold force to the pending proposition. The evils it threatens are:

(1) The existence of a railroad in the park. It is conceded by all who know anything about the park, either as transient tourists or from prolonged sojourn there, that a steam railway within its limits for any purpose whatever would be a serious detriment. Without going into the reasons which will suggest themselves to any one, it needs only to be said that in this particular case the proposed railroad will destroy an extensive game country, and will hopelessly disfigure one of the pleasantest open valleys and one of the grandest cañons in the park.

(2) The change of boundary. The great advantage of the present boundary is that it runs over inaccessible mountain ranges, where it is impossible for settlers not only to encroach upon the park, but even to come anywhere near it. The proposed boundary, on the other hand, will lie through an open valley, where settlers, poachers, gamblers, and saloon-keepers can establish themselves upon the very borders of the reservation, thereby greatly increasing the work of police duty.

(3) The loss at one stroke of nearly 80,000 acres of park lands. This is indeed vandalism with a vengeance. It recalls the very different action of Montana citizens on another occasion. In December, 1873, a petition signed by seventy-two citizens of Montana was presented to the Secretary of the Interior, praying for such Executive and Congressional action as should preserve to the park the purposes for which it was created. The petitioners recite that they "are urged to this request by the vandalism that is rapidly denuding the park of its curiosities, driving off and killing its game, and rendering it a disappointment to those who desire to see this grand domain left in a state of nature." To-day other citizens of the same commonweath are endeavoring under form of law to perpetrate a piece of vandalism compared with which that deplored in this petition of '73 was mere child's play. Serious as were the deformations inflicted upon the exquisite crater of "Old Faithful," they were yet not irreparable. The slow process of time will replace what was then taken away, and as year after year adds fresh coatings to the denuded places, the deformation gradually disappears. But for the gigantic mutilation now proposed, no such remedy exists. It is indeed true that "while Congress is thus cutting down the park on one side, it is adding to it on another." Why complain at a loss of 80,000 acres, when a forest reserve of over 1500 square miles has just been added? Before sanctioning this promiscuous swapping, however, it is well to compare the tracts to be exchanged. Extent of area is by no means the only, nor even the principal, consideration. There are many places in the park where the loss of a single acre could not be made good by any addition, no matter how extensive. This is, in fact, largely true of the case in hand. While the park has gained a vast tract of the roughest mountain country on the continent, remote from the lines of tourist travel, totally inaccessible now, and to remain so probably for the next hundred years, it will lose, on the other hand, an area which, in addition to the important features already pointed out, lies in close proximity to some of the rarest curiosities in the park, and is certain to be traversed in the near future by the principal route of tourist traffic. The exchange is therefore in no sense an equitable one, and the pending measure, instead of offering any return commensurate with the loss it will inflict, rather carries with it the seeds of future similar evils in

(4) The pernicious precedent thus established. No amount of argument can remove the certainty of this danger. Within a few years railroads will touch the southern boundary of the park, to the greatly increased convenience of the travelling public. But they will not stop there. Having come thus far, they will look to the rich mining regions of Montana, or perhaps to a seaboard outlet on Puget Sound. Their engineers will then discover that the most practicable pass through the mountains lies in the National Park. Must not the question then arise, Shall a great railway system be forbidden to use this pass while a petty mining town with ample approaches outside the park is granted an extensive right of way—some thirty-five miles—through the public domain? But here again the sovereign remedy can be applied, and the whole difficulty *evaded*, by cutting off that portion of the park—only 400,000 acres—lying outside the proposed route!

And so the good work now being inaugurated will continue. Is any one prophet enough to say where it will end? Or rather is not every one prophet enough to see that its logical and inevitable consequence will be that the National Park, as to its true purpose at least, must be abandoned?

If any one doubts the persistency of these injurious schemes, or the apprehension with which they are regarded by government officials, let him read the reports of the Secretaries of the Interior, the superintendents of the park, and the officers of the corps of engineers in charge of improvement work during the past ten years.

It is time that Congress and the country should fully appreciate the gravity of this danger. If there were sufficient reasons for creating the National Park—and this every one admits—the same reasons require its careful preservation. So long as a coterie of miners and professional boomers is permitted to attack this great national institution, so long will that institution be in danger. The park is the property of the people of the United States, not of the communities that happen to dwell upon its borders, and there is no more reason for granting these the right to mutilate the park in their own interest than there is to grant residents of the District of Columbia the right to set up cigar and candy stands on the landings of the Washington Monument.

A FRIEND OF THE PARK.

AMATEUR SPORT.

THE DISSENSIONS NOW SHAKING the Amateur Athletic Union to its foundation furnish food for serious reflection on the future of athletics in this country. The present unsatisfactory state of affairs, that has resulted in the resignation of the Orange and the Staten Island Athletic clubs, the declaration by the Manhattan Athletic Club of its intention to resign unless some changes are made, and the protest from the Detroit and the St. Louis Pastime Athletic clubs, is the invariable result when the two elements represented in the A.A.U. are fastened in one and the same legislative yoke. Disruption has been the result in every other field in which the experiment has been made, and there is nothing very strange that the same end should be reached in this case; indeed, the wonder is that it has not come before. With all our modern enlightenment, no recipe has yet been found for the mixture of oil and water. The storm of criticism which has been hurled against what is now known as the "Mills reorganization scheme" is misdirected, and reminds one of the carping pessimists who prowl about damning the world for their ill success. The world is all right; it is at heart a joyous, generous world; it much prefers laughing to crying; it would rather give than take. But it's the people in it who take advantage of its good-nature, and turn youth into a bigoted maturity. So with the A.A.U.; the Mills reorganization scheme is all right; no fairer, abler legislation could have been provided for athletic government. But, alas! in the A.A.U., as in the world, the chaff is greatly in excess of the wheat.

YOU CANNOT MAKE a silk purse out of a sow's ear—a homely expression, but a favorite of mine. Had the membership of the Amateur Athletic Union been confined to clubs like the Detroit A.C., Crescent A.C., New York A.C., Boston A.C., Manhattan A.C., A.C. Schuylkill Navy, Orange A.C., and one or two others of the same kind, Mr. Mills's reorganization would have been a grand success; but as such clubs were represented in about the ratio of one in five to such aggregations of Bowery talent as the Bridge, Down Town, Nonpareil, West Side, Clipper, etc., etc., *ad nauseam*, it has been a miserable failure. And why? Simply because these last clubs are composed of men recruited from the tenement districts, and in many cases—indeed, in most cases—represent the vicious element familiar in the lowest wards.

THESE CLUBS ARE FORMED and continued for the sake and absolute purpose of holding

slugging matches and making money out of them. In some cases they are managed by a saloon-keeper, who furnishes rooms and refreshments, and reaps a handsome return from the gate receipts. I have no wish to criticise this element outside of its connection with the A.A.U.; it is a class found in every large city, and has its functions and customs as widely separated as its residence from that other class to which I have referred. But however worthy it may be in its proper habitat, its place is by no means at the head of the government of amateur athletics. It is ignorant of its principles, not in sympathy with its tastes, and altogether an unwelcome addition.

And it is to the discredit very largely of the Amateur Athletic Union officials that these men ever gained a foothold in amateur athletics. The Board of Governors admitted to membership clubs they knew were composed entirely of the slugger element, and applied for membership merely because they could make more money under the guise of the amateur than as an out-and-out professional. Having admitted them to their fold, they winked at their subsequent misdemeanors, and they made such a malodorous mess that the civil authorities, the policemen, were compelled by respectable citizens to carry out the rules the A.A.U. had neither the decency nor courage to enforce. The New York Athletic Club and the Manhattan Athletic Club are both just now pluming themselves on their virtue in doing away with the "amateur" slugger and replacing him with the professional fighter, but both these clubs disgraced themselves and outraged the principle of amateurism by being the most flagrant offenders not many months ago. Their methods of inducing well-known "amateur" sluggers to appear, and paying them in cash, or its equivalent, became notorious, and while the governors of both clubs now pass resolutions "deploring" the state of affairs, etc., they don't want to forget, nor does the amateur world forget, that they more than any other body helped bring on the present disquieting state.

Nor has the A.A.U. made any especial effort to gain the confidence of the better class of athletes. Every meeting is a hot-bed of schemes, where each (there are some honorable exceptions of course) attempts to get the better of the other, and all unite in working the A.A.U. for all it is worth—to themselves. Men are reinstated who unmistakably belong in the professional ranks, and clubs filled with the slugger element continue to be admitted.

What is left for an organization that persists in flying thus in the face of the very class which has made its successful existence possible? Either dissolution and a new start on a different basis, or the limitation of its jurisdiction to the lower element, around which it has so obligingly thrown its protecting arm.

It ought to be plain to every man with three grains of common-sense that just so sure as grass grows and water runs, so certain will the better element in athletics stand alone and beyond the reach of the A.A.U.'s foster-child. Americans are proverbially long-suffering and good-natured, but when we do begin to move, we lose little time in reaching the desired end. It looks as though the better class of athletic clubs had begun to move, and unless the ambition of the A. A. U. is confined to the government of the Nonpareil, Bridge, and other clubs of the same ilk, it would better make some radical changes, and make them very suddenly. Personally I expect to see the day—not far distant, either—when the best clubs, like the recently organized University Athletic Club, will belong to no association, and united only on a basis controlling and defining the amateur, will give contests confined to invitation entries.

At least one of the 46-footers, of which we have read and heard so much, has materialized. Mr. Archy Rogers's *Wasp* was launched at Bristol last Saturday, and but for the three days' driving snow-storm this issue would have contained a photograph of her. As the *Wasp* was built for the particular purpose of defeating the *Gloriana*, and both came from the same yard, her development will be watched with interest. The new boat is 72 feet long, 2 feet more than the *Gloriana;* and is full 46 feet on water-line, 9 inches more than Mr. Morgan's boat. The exact dimensions of the *Wasp* are as yet known only to the designers and owner, but the two seem about of the same beam, which in *Gloriana* is a bit over 13 feet, while the draught of the *Wasp* looks to be some inches deeper. The garboards are hollowed, and the fin-keel type is noticeable. The overhang of the two seems about the same, but the bow of the *Wasp* is not so sharp as the *Gloriana's*. The lead is hung very low, below the oak keel forward, in fact, and she looks as though she would stand up under some heavy blows with the 4200 square feet of canvas she is to carry. *Gloriana* had 4000. She is painted black, with a gilt strip under her rail, and so far as looks go, has already scored a point over her rival. But the *Gloriana* is a remarkable boat, and if the *Wasp* can show prettier work on her first trial than did Mr. Morgan's yacht on her first trip that very dirty day down the New York Bay, she will be a marvel indeed.

Boston has always had great faith in the ability of the *Beatrix* to defeat *Gloriana*, and now that she has been sold by Mr. Charles A. Prince to the "Adams boys," George C. and C. F., there is a settled conviction round about the clubs of the Hub that the only centre-board of the 46-footers will this year show her stern to the *Gloriana*. There is no doubt the Adams boys will handle the *Beatrix* as she has never been handled before, but she must show remarkable improvement of last year's form to win; it should not be forgotten that the *Oweene* defeated her in one or two races in the early part of the season, and the *Oweene* was not in the hunt with *Gloriana*. The strongest feature in *Gloriana's* work last year, and one that should be borne in mind by Bostonians, is that she proved herself to be a very fast boat in all kinds of weather, from the heaviest to the lightest. The change in ownership of the *Beatrix* assures us of good sport in '92. The Adams boys are sailors and fighters, and they will not give up trying until the end of the season, while Mr. Rogers is hot on the trail for aquatic honors. With *Gloriana*, *Wasp*, and *Beatrix*, we shall not want for racing.

In the mean time the 21-footers grow apace, and those who have seen the Gardner designs say they are miniature *Alboraks;* if so, we shall not look for much from them; but there is considerable stir in this class, and with all the different styles and designers, some good patterns are certain to be developed. Apropos of the *Alborak*, the report that General Paine may attempt further experiments with the unwieldy 46-footer must refer to cruising, rather than racing. The general is too good a sailor not to realize that his boat is hopelessly outclassed, and that no amount of experimenting can put her on even terms with *Beatrix*, for instance. It is more than probable that General Paine's decision to lay off the *Volunteer* is due to a projected trip abroad, and the *Alborak* will answer the purpose of cruising about meanwhile.

The Larchmont Yacht Club, at a recent meeting, elected: Commodore, Caldwell H. Colt; Vice-Commodore, Joseph H. Sterling; Rear-Commodore, E. J. Greacen; Secretary, Charles C. Little; Treasurer, William Murray; Trustees to serve three years, G. C. W. Lowrey and Oswald Sanderson; Trustee for two years, Chester C. Munroe; Trustee for one year, David I. Jackson. But the most pleasing feature of the evening was the announcement that all but a few hundred dollars of the club's floating debt has been subscribed by members. May 30th is the club's first regatta.

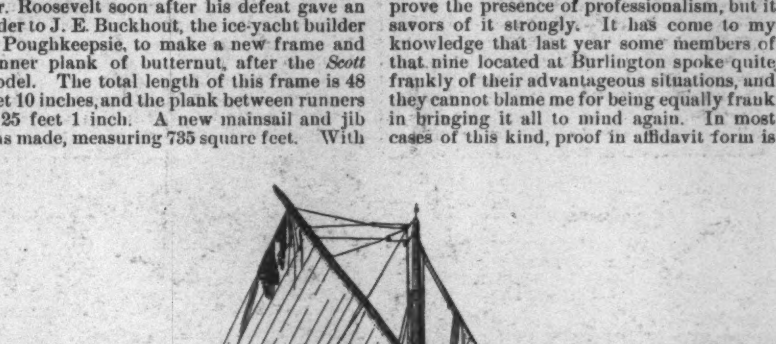
Mr. John A. Roosevelt's *Icicle* was built in 1872, and was the largest ice-yacht in the world, with its total length of 68 feet 10 inches and 1070 square feet of canvas. She won several races, the most important being those in 1881 for the champion Corinthian Silver Tiller, offered by Colonel E. Harrison Sanford. At this time the *Robert Scott*, an ice-yacht built by H. Relyea, pilot of the steamer *Daniel S. Miller*, came from Athens, New York, and easily won a match race from *Icicle*. The *Robert Scott* was the first one made with wire rope instead of side rails, and a mast placed three feet in front of the runner plank. Although carrying only 494½ square feet of canvas, the *Scott* defeated *Icicle*, with her 1070 feet. The *Robert Scott* was the *Gloriana* of ice-yachts, and has been copied in building a new fleet on the Hudson River at Hyde Park, Poughkeepsie, and Carthage. Mr. Roosevelt soon after his defeat gave an order to J. E. Buckhout, the ice-yacht builder at Poughkeepsie, to make a new frame and runner plank of butternut, after the *Scott* model. The total length of this frame is 48 feet 10 inches, and the plank between runners is 25 feet 1 inch. A new mainsail and jib was made, measuring 735 square feet. With these and a few other minor alterations, the *Icicle* of to-day is the same ice-yacht built twenty years ago. She has won the Challenge Pennant of America, the ice-yacht trophy of the world, three times in succession: March 8, 1888; February 25, 1889; February 5, 1892. In '90 the river was not closed at Hyde Park, and in '91 the races were not sailed within the time limit. The distance in these championship events is 20 miles, and this year the *Icicle* made it in 46 minutes 19 seconds, the fastest time ever made, beating the previous record by 10 minutes and 41 seconds.

Three very interesting days were passed last week at Boston exploring, by the light of its private correspondence and public acts, the Harvard Athletic Committee's course of the last two years. They proved to be three very instructive days as well. It is not my purpose to drag up ancient history for current review—there is no space for detail, nor is this the time to tell all I know—but it is my intention to say that, illumined by the investigation permitted me, athletic legislation at Cambridge takes on a different coloring. Although the method in one or two instances might have been different and are not likely to be repeated, I am convinced the H. A. C. has been actuated by the right motives—sport for sport's sake only. It has been a stormy, rocky coast along which the Committee must guide Harvard's athletes; the breakers which have loomed up suddenly now and again and necessitated falling away from the charted course a few points, have not always been visible to the wondering spectators on the shore.

It was some of these erratic moves that drew out our criticism, and that on such another occasion we should now, with the recent knowledge gained, be able to attune our criticism accordingly.

Harvard, Yale, and Princeton baseball is beginning to assume shape for intelligent criticism, and next week some space will be devoted to the outlook. All the nines are at this writing practising in the cage. Harvard appears to be showing up with experienced candidates better than Yale or Princeton, but the season is very young yet. The tie game in the Harvard-Princeton series will be played in New York, June 4th. Harvard's crew got out on the water last week for its first two days. There is small but noticeable improvement, and Ninde is stroking. Yale shows no appreciable improvement, but the combined coaching of Stevenson and Hartwell last week should give some results this.

If there is any truth in the report that the Dartmouth nine is again to have the services of catcher Ranney, the duty of the other colleges in the New England (triangular) League, Amherst and Williams, is marked out unmistakably for them. That duty is to enter a dignified and firm protest against such action on the part of the Hanover college. It is distasteful, and I hope unwarranted, to hear the old cry of professionalism raised, but it must be sounded until every semblance of evil is removed from our colleges. There are many college men who know how the University of Vermont, or rather the Burlington nine, was organized, managed, and supported last year, who will not be at all surprised if it is suggested that the Massachusetts members of the triangular league examine carefully the credentials of the men who are to wear the green stockings next spring. It may not be possible to absolutely prove the presence of professionalism, but it savors of it strongly. It has come to my knowledge that last year some members of that nine located at Burlington spoke quite frankly of their advantageous situations, and they cannot blame me for being equally frank in bringing it all to mind again. In most cases of this kind, proof in affidavit form is quite unattainable, and to check the curse of amateur athletics, the true and manly amateurs must strike hard and from the shoulder, even though they hit a friend, or one who needs a "scholarship," or some such aid. If these men wish to live by their ball-playing, let them come out honestly and join the minor professional or State leagues; we will all have the greater respect for them. In the mean time Dartmouth should guard her reputation zealously, and Amherst and Williams should protect that of the League. *Verb. sat sap.*



THE CHAMPION "ICICLE."

And while on the subject of "inducements" held out to men of especial athletic prowess by colleges and clubs, it has come to my ears recently that one of our large clubs (no name is mentioned because the charge is not yet substantiated) has been making tempting offers to good oarsmen in the way of promised openings in business, clerkships, etc. If a non-resident member of a club moves to the city in which his club is located, and some fellow-member is sufficiently interested in him to aid in procuring a business opening, it is quite legitimate; but if a man is brought to the city, and promised a situation provided he will join the club and represent it, that is quite a different matter. There are many ways of doing these things, and I think I know them well enough to detect the illegitimate. I warn all clubs and colleges that this department is constantly on the lookout for transgressions in spirit as well as in the letter of the amateur law, and will fearlessly publish names of offenders. This department is for the amateur first, last, and always, regardless of consequences.

Now that the A.P.R.A. (American Pony Racing Association) has at last given some evidence that it does not hope to encircle the entire United States of America with its English misfit restrictions, sportsmen will renew their interest in its efforts to establish horse and pony racing under amateur auspices. Sportsmen have very generally agreed that the time was not fit for a distinctive pony racing association such as exists in England, and that unless the A. P. R. A. made some radical amendments to its rules it must eventually die of impoverishment. Its first season was successful because of the novelty, its second was far from so; but now that it has awakened to the necessities of this country, rather than blindly following British precepts, there is every good reason to hope for its success. We are all interested in the success of the A. P. R. A., and since it has switched back on the right track, this column will be as zealous in aiding its work as it was in pointing out its failings.

At its annual meeting, February 9th, the following amendments of Mr. S. S. Howland were adopted:

"To be added to Rule 28.—But at any meeting held under these rules by a recognized hunt club or hunt, a race or races may be added for hunters, the property of members of recognized hunts, and also one or more for horses the property of farmers over whose lands the hunt giving the meeting is in the habit of hunting, entries to which need not be so registered.

"Rule 128.—Any person who shall run a horse after being registered in this association at a meeting not being a recognized meeting under these rules, *races at agricultural and horse shows excepted*, or any person who is warned off the turf, shall not be allowed to run or ride a horse where these rules are in force."

A still more important rule, however, so far as its future effects are concerned, was proposed at the same meeting by Mr. Howland, and passed: "That should a convention of the masters of the various hunt clubs of the United States be held within the next sixty days, with the object in view of the formation of rules and regulations for the conducting of hunt races and other such meetings, the licensing of jockeys, both professional and amateur, and kindred business, that a committee from this association be appointed to be present at said meeting, instructed to use every effort in its power to so alter the rules of this association, as far as possible, so as to agree with those desired by the members of said convention. *Resolved*, however, that no alteration of the rules of this association shall be made until notice of such alterations have been sent to all members and they have been voted upon at a regular or special meeting of this association." This last amendment more than any other shows the A. P. R. A. inclined to bring about united action, and to really wish to advance the interests of amateur sport all over the country. It kills forever a pony association in the English sense, but it places itself on record as willing to do all in its power to encourage and not hamper the general interests of amateur horse-racing in America.

While the Great Britain Athletic Festival scheme remains in *statu quo*, so far as we on this side the water are concerned, an athletic carnival much nearer home is an assured event. Several members of the Athletic Club Schuylkill Navy have been quietly developing plans for a field tournament for American colleges exclusively, to be held in Philadelphia about the middle of May, and including contests in running, jumping, tennis, lacrosse, etc., handsome individual team prizes being awarded. The intention is to make the tournament a memorable event in the country's athletic history. The A.C.S.N., under whose auspices it is to be given, will furnish prizes, and special transportation will be provided.

Caspar W. Whitney.

NORWEGIAN SPORT AT ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN.—DRAWN BY THULSTRUP AND GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 246.]

NOAH PORTER.—From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.

THE LATE DR. NOAH PORTER.

Noah Porter, who died last week at New Haven, in his eighty-first year, furnished throughout his life a typical example of the nineteenth-century product of the character and the culture of Puritanic New England. He was born December 14, 1811, at Farmington, Connecticut, where his ancestors had settled a century and a half before. His father, after whom he was named, was a Congregational minister, a writer upon theology, a member of the corporation of Yale, and one of the founders of the American Board of Foreign Missions. His son entered, at sixteen, the college of which he was to be the President, and was graduated in 1831. Immediately after the graduation he became the principal of a grammar-school in New Haven, and from 1833 to 1835 he was a tutor at his Alma Mater and a student of theology. In 1836 he became the pastor of a church at New Milford, where he remained until 1843, and then took charge of the South Church at Springfield, Massachusetts. This pastorate he resigned in 1846 to accept the Clark Professorship of Mental and Moral Philosophy at Yale, which he was to hold until his death, and the full duties of which he performed until last summer, when, by a vote of the corporation, he was released from public lecturing, though he continued to give private instruction to chosen students until within a few weeks of his death.

He so much valued the work of this professorship that he did not relinquish it even upon his election to the Presidency of the college. His purely intellectual standing and reputation came mainly from this work and from his literary labors upon topics germane to the subject of his professorship. Of these the most noteworthy is his volume upon *The Human Intellect*, published in 1868, and afterwards abridged for a text-book. This work fixed the author's place as a scholar more thoroughly acquainted, perhaps, than any other American of the time, with the various systems of philosophy, Continental as well as British, though the author's own view is rather that of the Scotch realists than of the German idealists.

Three years after the appearance of this work, in 1871, its author was chosen President of Yale upon the retirement of Theodore D. Woolsey. His administration, which lasted for fifteen years, was noteworthy for the extent of the architectural additions to the college. During this period were built the Battell Chapel, the Sloane Laboratory, the Peabody Museum, and West Divinity, North Sheffield, and Durfee halls. The curriculum was extended, and the list of elective studies much enlarged, although Yale has not gone so far in this direction as other great colleges, and its moderation is attributed in great part to the conservative influence of President Porter himself, who held firmly to the old notion of a liberal education, while acknowledging the necessity of making room for new branches of knowledge. During his presidency were either prepared or published *American Colleges and the American Public*, *Science of Nature* vs. *the Science of Man* (a review of the Spencerian philosophy); *Evangeline, the Place, the Story, and the Poem*; *Science and Sentiment*, *The Elements of Moral Science, Theoretical and Practical*, and the *Life of Bishop Berkeley*. His "critical exposition" of Kant's Ethics appeared in 1886. This is a formidable list of additions to the regular work of a president and a professor. Others of President Porter's writings are a *Historical Discourse at Farmington*, delivered in 1840, and commemorating the two-hundredth anniversary of the settlement; *The Educational Systems of the Puritans and the Jesuits Compared*, *Books and Reading*, besides a number of magazine articles. He was also concerned for nearly thirty years in the publication of the successive editions of Webster's Dictionary, the revisions of 1864 and 1880 and 1890 having been done under his supervision, and the last revision having, as he explains in the preface, been the labor of more than ten years. If he had been merely a man of letters, this would have been by no means an insignificant life work. Though eminently a scholar, however, Dr. Porter was by no means a mere bookman. He had a keen and healthy enjoyment of out-of-doors, and in his active years liked to spend his holiday in the Adirondacks.

It was in 1885, at the age of seventy-four, that Dr. Porter expressed a wish to lay down the burden of the presidency of Yale, and in 1886 he was succeeded by the present and twelfth President, Timothy Dwight, grandson of a former President of the same name.

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AN OLD ENGLISH RELIC.

ANYTHING once possessed by royalty is supposed to have a special value in the eyes of ordinary folks, particularly if the royal person existed some centuries since. If that possession be of gold, the actual value is added to the fictitious one, and where the persons of several royalties in succession have owned this precious thing, the valuation increases accordingly until it becomes worth a small fortune. The article in question that induces these remarks is a gold cup once belonging to the ancient Royal Treasury of England. This cup is wrought in enamel with scenes from the life of St. Agnes,

the patron saint of Charles V., of France, to whom the cup originally belonged. This relic came to England somewhere about that time, but the exact date is not known. At any rate it came to the kingdom before the Tudors came to the throne, and is believed to have been the cup mentioned in a royal inventory of Henry VI. When Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth "took stock" of the royal treasures, the cup in question was duly referred to, but in the reign of that financially stricken ruler known as James I., the cup left the shores of merry England. This last-named gentleman, who was never over-particular, is believed to have presented it to Velasco, the Spanish ambassador, who came to England in 1604 on behalf of peace. A Latin inscription on the base of the cup reads: "The Constable John Velasco, returning from England by the favor of the English King, gives to Christ, the Peacemaker, a cup of solid gold, a memorial of the peace made between the monarchs, and a relic of the sacred treasure of England." Though presented as a memorial of peace, the Constable seems to be grateful at having been able to return from England "by the favor of the English King."

Some years ago this cup was sold to a collector in Paris by a Spaniard, and is now offered for sale by a London art-dealer for $40,000. A subscription is being raised in order to present the cup to the British Museum, to which the Treasury has given $10,000. The cup is a wonderful specimen of the mediæval goldsmith's art, but the Tudors helped to spoil the design by having some coarse Tudor roses engraved thereon, though perhaps this evidence of royal ownership adds to the value of the cup. Altogether cup and cover weigh nearly sixty-eight ounces.

THE AMATEUR'S KITCHEN-GARDEN.

I.

IT is not my purpose to write any learned horticultural disquisition. I could not do this if I wished. I should, however, be glad to say something to encourage amateurs in their gardening efforts. What I know I learned in a very hard school, and backwards at that, for I had practice before I knew anything of the theory. My conception of the amateur's garden is one in which the owner does the work, or a part of it, or actively and personally directs what shall be done. Those gentlemen who employ skilful and high-priced gardeners to look after their flowers, fruits, and vegetables are not, according to my ideas, amateurs, even though they may have a love for all the things produced. Such a proprietor owns his garden only in name, and the triumphs are not really his, but belong to the man he has hired, and very properly, too.

Humorists in all time have had a deal of fun with the amateur gardener. The cruder wits among the funny writers have contented themselves by proving that an amateur paid a very high price for the privilege of growing his own cabbages. This is all very well, and in many instances is no doubt true. It is nevertheless the fact that any man of average intelligence can make a garden in which he will get the most healthful exercise and relaxation from business cares, and at the same time grow better vegetables and at a less cost than he can buy them. The more refined humorists, like Charles Dudley Warner (*vide My Summer in a Garden*), do not enter to any extent upon this economic question, but are content to extract fun out of other problems which each gardener, when he digs in the earth and plants seed, must solve for himself.

My own first experience at gardening is not inapposite. No one could have been more ignorant than I was. I knew nothing of the subject, and had never taken enough interest in it to give it a thought. My wife bought a little place in a New Jersey village. There was an acre of ground. It was a sorry little place, unkempt and dishevelled. I was out of health and out of spirits, and to look at the untrimmed bushes and untidy lawn intensified my wretchedness. When the first spring sunshine came, I noticed that my neighbors began raking up their lawns, trimming hedges, and generally putting their places in order. I felt an inclination to try my hand. In front of the house, on either side of the flagging leading to the front gate, were two sorry-looking syringa-bushes. They contributed no little to the forlorn appearance of the place. I resolved to dig them up. It was a rash resolution. They had been at home there for something like a hundred years. But I attacked one of them with great confidence. I had only a coal shovel to begin with. Of course such a tool was inadequate. I worked, however, for half a day and until my back was almost broken, and the sturdy old syringa was as firmly fixed as ever. My awkward exertions had attracted attention, and I now had a group of idlers watching me from the street. One kindly old gentleman suggested that I get a spade and a grubbing hoe, and an axe to cut the roots. These I bought at the village store, and resumed my labors. But do what I could, though I cut every root in sight, the old bush kept hold. When I was almost in despair, some one suggested that the tap-root was still uncut. And so it was. To cut this root was the hardest job of all. My axe was dull, and the root was as hard as iron. But finally I got through it, and succeeded in pulling the bush out of the big and ragged hole I had made. It was dark by this time, and I was glad to knock off for the day. How I ached in every muscle! But I slept well that night—an unusual thing at that time—and had an appetite for breakfast in the morning, when I resumed my labors with the remaining bush. The experience of the day before was not wasted, and it only took me half a day to take up this syringa. An ordinary laborer could have done in a quarter of a day what it had taken me a day and a half to do. But I shall always be glad that the ordinary laborer was not hired, but that I did the work myself. The out-door work was better than all the nostrums in an entire apothecary's shop.

Where the syringa-bushes had been were bare spots, which looked even worse than the bushes had done. My endeavors to get grass to grow in these bare spots was my first gardening experiment. I got books and I took advice, and when seeding time came I had concluded to try my hand on a kitchen-garden of about half an acre in the rear of the house. With about half the things I planted I made a dreadful failure. I tried to do too much, and my ignorance was lamentable. I did not understand the terms the books used, and no book that I had gave me sufficiently definite information. I never knew how thickly to sow seed or how deep. The consequence was that many of the things never came up at all, and many others came up so thickly that they crowded each other, and never had a chance. But I did have some successes, and they encouraged me to try again another year. Now, after some time and study, my garden is my greatest source of pleasure; and I make it pay, too, and that not only in the amusement it affords, but in better and greater variety of vegetables for my family, and also in a small quantity of hard cash above my outlay for labor, fertilizers, and seed.

If the amateur means to have a larger garden than he can find time to attend to by himself, he will need an assistant. I consider that it is of the first importance that in selecting an assistant he should hire a man who makes no pretence to knowledge of the gardening craft. Skilful gardeners can be had, of course, but a garden in charge of one of these would no longer be an amateur's, and, if my observation be of value, it would hardly seem to belong to the actual owner. Skilful gardeners take very complete control of the domain intrusted to them, and they are as touchy and as impatient of interference as the medical gentlemen who make such a mystery of the art of healing. If, however, you get a man who makes no pretence to knowledge, you can give him directions as minute as you please, and you will feel responsible for the result, whatever it may be. Even with the help of such a person in doing part or even all of the labor, it will still be the amateur's garden, for his mind has directed the work, and he has decided what should and what should not be done.

Another caution to the beginner. Do not attempt to do too much at first. Feel your way, and do not on any account get discouraged because you may fail with this thing or that. Read over what the books and the seedmen's catalogues say as to the culture of any vegetable with which you have not succeeded. If these appear to give you no light on the cause of your failure, then go to the best practical gardener in your neighborhood, and ask his advice. If the amateur be very humble and respectful when on this quest, he will be very apt to get what he wishes, and the further consolation, too, of learning that there is no gardener so skilful that he does not frequently fail in one thing or another.

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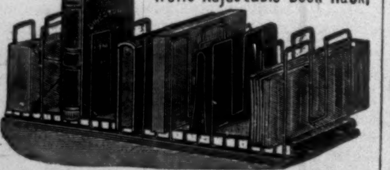

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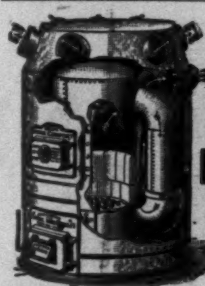

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